McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLV

SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1908.

NO. 2

State Library 1july08

ESTIMABLE WOMAN HAS PASSED AWAY

Mrs. Harriet Holmes Hamlin, Widow of the Late Hon. B. D. Hamlin.

HER DEATH OCCURRED TUESDAY

Was a Life-Long Resident of Smethport—Had Been in Poor Health For Several Years.

Tuesday morning at 6 o'clock at her home on West Main street occurred the death of Mrs. Harriet Hamlin, widow of the late Hon. B. D. Hamlin, who passed away only a few months ago. Her death was due to a complication of ailments from which she has long suffered, having been a confirmed invalid for the past several years. By a remarkable coincidence her demise occurred upon her birthday, as she was 82 years old January 7, 1908.

The passing of this estimable woman is almost epoch-marking in the history of Smethport, as but very few of her generation survive—pioneer residents, who have been closely identified with the growth and development of the town from infancy.

Hers was a lovable character and her life, notwithstanding the years of pain and suffering which marked its close, a long and beautiful one. She was ever a faithful helpmate to her husband, cheerfully sharing his burdens during his early business career and when their joint efforts opened the way to comforts and circumstances and eventually to wealth, she did not fail to remember that others were less fortunate. Many kind and noble deeds mark the pathway of her life. To her came sorrows, but while they saddened, seemed only to strengthen her cheerful appreciation and love of the blessings that remained.

Mrs. Hamlin possessed the love of her children in a tender and loyal degree, the grandchildren and great grandchildren added patriarchal admiration and respect to their natural affections. She was an ideal mother ever ready to share in the joys or ease the sorrows of her children.

Mrs. Harriet Hamlin was born on January 2d, 1826. She was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Holmes of Smethport. In 1846 she married Byron D. Hamlin, which was the same year that he was admitted to the bar of McKean county. They were blessed with three children—one son, Delano R., who died May 30, 1884, leaving a widow and two children—Paul D. Hamlin of Chicago and a daughter, Jenotte, who married W. L. Hammar, and now resides at Lynch Station, Va. Mr. and Mrs. Hammar have an infant daughter. Mrs. Hamlin's eldest daughter, Jenette, married H. V. Redfield, who died November 17, 1881, leaving his wife and three children, Harriet, Horace H., and Scott F. Mrs. Redfield next married William E. McCoy of Augusta, Ga. She died January 30, 1896. Miss Harriet Redfield married M. M. Gillette. They reside in Newark, Ohio, and have a son, Redfield B. Horace H., married Miss Emily McCoy. They reside in Smethport and have two children, Hamlin D. and Robert H. The youngest daughter and only surviving child of the deceased is Mary, wife of John Forrest of Smethport. Their two daughters are Helen, who married A. W. Mitchell, an attorney of Erie, Pa., and Ruth, wife of E. T. Newman of Syracuse, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell have a son, John E., and Mr. and Mrs. Newman have an infant son. Scott F. Redfield, mentioned above, is married and resides at Dobbs Ferry, N. Y. One sister, Mrs. Maria Carter of East Smethport, also survives her.

The funeral will be held this afternoon at 2 o'clock at St. Luke's church, the Rev. W. E. VanDyke of Kane officiating. The remains will be laid at rest in the family mausoleum in Rose Hill cemetery.

Boy Badly Burned.

Glen, the 9-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Iddings of West Main street, was the victim of a painful accident Saturday afternoon which came near costing him the sight of his left eye. During the week it became quite a fad among young boys around town to play with pistols, shooting blank cartridges, and they soon became very reckless in their use of them. The Iddings child received his injury from another small boy discharging a weapon a few inches from his face. Glen is a sufferer from an affliction of the eyes and consequently wore glasses. The lens probably saved the sight of the optic, although his face was severely burned and filled with particles of powder around it, and for a time he was unable to see out of the left eye. Mr. Iddings informed the writer Monday night that the boy's eye was badly inflamed and it was impossible to tell at present how the injury would terminate.

February Election Candidates.

The primaries for the nomination of the various candidates to be voted for at the February election will be held Saturday, Jan. 25. Voters are urged to find out the views of the several candidates for borough councilmen on the paving question before making their selections. Every effort should be made to elect men who favor the Main street paving proposition and men who will hustle to see that matters are so arranged that work may be commenced with as little delay as possible. Should any of the candidates or citizens of this town desire to express their views on this matter the columns of the MINER are open to them. The Republican and Democratic candidates for nomination follow:

REPUBLICAN.

For councilmen: J. C. Cunningham, Leo E. Digel, M. L. Armstrong, J. W. Waite, E. W. Workley, Joseph Holder, W. A. Ostrander, E. L. McClure.

For constable: U. H. Foote.

For high constable: John A. Lindholm.

For auditor: C. B. Corwin.

For judge of election: Harry S. Rubin.

For inspector of election: L. K. Hogarth.

DEMOCRATIC.

For councilmen: H. H. Sasse, S. R. Lindsley, W. E. McCammon.

For school director: Chas. McKean, W. J. Kerr.

For constable: Washington Stark.

For auditor: M. E. Mundy.

For judge of election: George Barber.

For inspector of election: E. T. Daly.

KEATING TOWNSHIP 1ST DISTRICT.

REPUBLICAN.

Supervisor: Frank Fritz.

School Directors: F. A. Burdick, W. E. Scott, W. E. Wilson.

Constable: Michael Herzog.

Auditor: Frank Brockham, A. E. Cunningham.

Town Clerk: No candidate.

Assistant Assessor: Frank L. Thornton.

Judge of Election: O. O. Chase.

Inspector of Election: John E. Stull.

SECOND DISTRICT.

Assistant Assessor: Leon Curtis.

Judge of Election: Asa Champlain.

Inspector of Election: W. P. Beckwith.

THIRD DISTRICT.

Assistant Assessor: A. Wicks.

Judge of Election: No candidate.

Inspector of Election: No candidate.

DEMOCRATIC.

FIRST DISTRICT.

Supervisor: No candidate.

School Directors: F. A. Burdick.

Constable: A. G. Farley.

Auditor: No candidate.

Town Clerk: P. H. McAhon.

Assistant Assessor: No candidate.

Judge of Election: B. B. Pierce.

Inspector of Election: No candidate.

SECOND DISTRICT.

Assistant Assessor: No candidate.

Judge of Election: No candidate.

Inspector of Election: Frank Palmer.

Death of Mrs. Ruth Prosser.

Died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. H. Knight of East Main street, yesterday afternoon, Mrs. Ruth Prosser, who was probably the oldest female resident of the town, having celebrated her 88th birthday last June. This venerable lady has been in poor health for several years past, but the immediate cause of her death was the effects of a fall which she suffered on Monday. In some manner she lost her balance and fell in the house and her hip was fractured as a result. Her condition was such that the fracture could not be reduced and she failed rapidly from that time until Wednesday afternoon about 3 o'clock, when she passed peacefully away.

Up to a few years ago Mrs. Prosser's mind was perfectly clear and she often held the intense interest of listeners with narratives of various events that occurred during her childhood. Manners and customs so old as to be almost unheard of by the average person, would be remembered and graphically described with remarkable accuracy. She was a woman of many admirable traits of character, which won for her the warm regard of many friends and acquaintances. During the latter years of her life she was in very poor health and required constant care which was lovingly bestowed by those nearest and dearest to her.

The MINER regrets that circumstances are such that a more complete account of the career of this remarkable woman cannot be secured for this week's issue. Aside from her daughter, Mrs. W. H. Knight, she leaves at least two other children, numerous grandchildren, among whom are James Harriman of Smethport and Arthur Harriman of Galeton, and a number of great grandchildren.

The funeral will be held at the late home of the deceased to-morrow afternoon at 2 o'clock, the Rev. W. A. Harris officiating.

Subscribe for the MINER.

NOTICE

TO

Delinquent Subscribers!

The Postmaster-General has made a new ruling relative to delinquent subscribers to newspapers and periodicals which forces the publishers of weekly papers to make a radical change in their methods of extending credits to their subscribers.

This law became effective Jan. 1, 1908 but owing to lack of a notice a short time is given publishers to get their accounts straightened up with delinquents, before the law will be enforced.

We have recently sent bills to nearly every subscriber who is in arrearages to the MINER and those who are owing us will readily see the necessity of settling the account at once. We will be as easy with our subscribers as possible but must enforce immediate payment on all subscriptions of over a year's standing. The United States Government demands it and we follow its orders, so do not blame us for the action we are obliged to take.

Following is the ruling and the effects it will have: "A reasonable time will be allowed publishers to secure renewals of subscriptions, but unless subscriptions are expressly renewed after the term for which they are paid (weeklies within one year) they will not be counted in the legitimate list of subscribers and copies mailed on account thereof shall not be accepted for mailing at the second-class postage rate of one cent for each four ounces or fraction thereof, prepaid by stamps affixed. The right of a publisher to extend credit for subscriptions for his publication is not denied or questioned, but his compliance or non-compliance with this regulation will be taken into consideration in determining whether the publication is entitled to transmission at the second-class postage rate."

Weekly newspapers mailed by the rural delivery route are also subject to postage at the rate of one cent a pound.

The enforcement of the above amendment of the Postal Law will make a decided and most radical change in the newspaper business. No newspaper will be allowed the second-class rate for subscribers who are over one year in arrears. In order to send the paper through the mails to a subscriber who is owing for a year it will be necessary for the publisher to prepay the postage at the rate of one cent per copy.

It will therefore be readily seen that the publisher of a weekly newspaper cannot afford to prepay the postage weekly and send his paper to a subscriber for more than a year and wait for his pay.

The subscriber may ask, how is the Government to know how many subscribers are in arrears for more than one year. The government can send inspectors and examine the list of the publisher or compel him to swear to the condition of his subscribers—just how many are a year or more in arrears. It looks like interfering with one's private business—that is, if we want to trust a man more than a year, have we not that right? Yes, but the Government holds that a subscriber who is a year in arrears is not a legitimate patron, and the publisher is not entitled to the pound rate of postage for such a subscriber. In other words the Government will not carry the credit of the publishers on subscribers over a year due and allow them the privilege of the mails at a rate the publisher can afford to send it.

A Creditable Production.

"The best fifty cents' worth of theatricals served up at the Grand this year," was the verdict given by the audience when "The Dutchman's Honeymoon" was presented.

The piece is a fairly well constructed one, and carries many really funny situations concerning the mock marriage of the Dutchman and its subsequent complications.—

The cast is made up of people of more than ordinary ability. It is apparent that several good vaudeville teams have merged their interests and devoted their individual abilities to the production of a funny farce into which their own capabilities might be sandwiched.

Frank L. Whittier, who produced the show, shoulders a good share of the responsibility. He assumes a dual role, and carries out the humorous situations it presents with good effect. W. A. Bonand as Hans Schmitszie, did the cleverest character work of the evening. Camille Fallardoux did creditable work in a role of considerable demand. The dancing of pretty little Evangeline Cousins was one of the brightest spots in an evening of all-round enjoyment.

There is not a weak spot in the company, and it easily fulfilled the standard it set for itself, and deserves a good patronage wherever it goes.—London Free Press. At the Lyceum to-morrow night.

A Coming Attraction.

After witnessing "The Lion and the Mouse," which Henry B. Harris will offer at the Lyceum, Thursday evening, January 23, one is willing to believe that it possesses every essential of a perfectly constructed play. In dramatic strength it is unequalled by anything seen on the stage for a generation; its story is fascinatingly interesting and intensely human; the characters are men and women prominent in the social, financial and political world of to-day and they are made to act just like the types we are familiar with. Charles Klein has written other plays which have brought him very prominently before the public, but he has never created one that has earned the deep gratitude all those feel who witness "The Lion and the Mouse."

For Sale.

Second-hand two-horse power Acme steam engine, connected for natural gas and in good running order. Reason for selling—we had to put in a larger engine. Engine can be seen at this office. For further particulars call on or address HARRY L. BACKUS.
Miner office, Smethport, Pa.

To Rent.

Modern house, with hot and cold water and bath, $9 per month. Inquire of J. C. Gallup, postmaster. tf

—I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Sturdivant.

For rent—Desirable flat. For particulars call at H. W. Rubin's store.

Cash paid for Furs and Hides by C. H. Gleason.

"Druggist" Cigars everywhere.

Swamp Mystery Clearing.

The finding of the nude body of a murdered woman in a New Jersey swamp a short time ago, which created great interest all over the United States and for a time was a dense mystery to the police, bids fair to be cleared up and the guilty punished. The woman was Mrs. Lena Whitmore and a dispatch says: Theodore S. Whitmore was arraigned before Police Justice Branegan, Tuesday in Harrison, N. J., charged "on information and belief," with having murdered his wife, Lena, on Dec. 26. His counsel, Alexander Simpson, demanded a hearing, and it was set for Thursday at 2 p. m. After being led trembling back to his cell, the prisoner gave out, with his counsel's consent, a statement in which for the first time he admitted that he sent the letter signed "Lena" received by Mrs. Bessie Schmitter, and that Fred Elliot helped him prepare the trunk.

It has been proved that Whitmore gave the jewelry to Radin the Monday following Christmas, and not in the five days previous, as he now claims. The four rings he says his wife wore when he last saw her, were in the lot entrusted to the saloon keeper. The letter which accompanied the trunk is simply signed "Lena." There is competent proof that Mrs. Whitmore was in the house early Christmas night.

William Bartlett, who acknowleged having shadowed Mrs. Whitmore in the pay of her husband, and Frank Englert, the Harrison man who identified the body, were held in $5,000 bail each as witnesses.

A pawn ticket found among Whitmore's effects shows that on December 11, he pawned the ring in Brooklyn.

C. W. FREEMAN of Smethport is a candidate for the office of county commissioner. Mr. Freeman is at present a member of the board of county auditors and is widely known throughout the county as an excellent citizen and a good Republican. He is about 45 years of age and has passed his life from boyhood in McKean county. His work as county auditor has won much favorable comment, and wherever he has been placed he has proved faithful and conscientious in the discharge of his duties. He is certainly well qualified to fill the office which he seeks and has numerous friends who will work hard for his success.

One of the Best Ever.

One of the most pleasing attractions of the present theatrical offerings will be the appearance of Frank L. Whittier's comedians in the screaming farce comedy, "A Dutchman's Honeymoon." If you would feast your eyes on a "red hot" farce comedy, presented by a first class company; if you feel in need of a good hearty laugh to regulate your system; if you enjoy high class specialties, good singing and dancing do not fail to see "A Dutchman's Honeymoon," which has been secured for Friday evening, January 10, at the Lyceum.

Subscribe for the MINER.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

On Thursday evening, February 2, 1888, a pleasant social event occurred at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. M. O. Campbell in this borough, the occasion being the gathering of friends to celebrate with that worthy couple the fifth anniversary of their marriage. A most delightful evening was spent by those present, as everyone appeared to enter into the spirit of the occasion in manner that plainly indicated that all wished from their hearts that the host and hostess of the evening might live to celebrate their diamond wedding. After spending the early evening in animated conversation, which was interspersed with different games, the company were invited to partake of an elegant collation, to which all did ample justice. The friendship and good will of the company was fully attested by the array of costly and useful presents among which were two beautiful easy chairs, elegantly upholstered in plush, the gifts of Dr. and Mrs. R. J. Sharp, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bouton, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Burdick, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Purtle, Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Pierce, Miss Lottie McNally, Messrs. W. F. Specht, G. R. and F. W. Brownell; one large and easy rocker from Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Beattie, Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Lindsley; decorated butter-ladle, Miss Clara Hoffman; handkerchief box, Mrs. Mettie Graham; decorated paper holder, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Picard; odor case with perfume and atomizer, Mr. H. C. Wells.

James Doyle, the well-known lumberman of Mt. Jewett, who has been under medical treatment at the Bergstresser house in this borough for some days past, had his leg amputated between the ankle and knee, on Wednesday, February 15, 1888. Dr. Freeman, assisted by Dr. Kane of Kane, performed the operation. Mr. Doyle, we are pleased to state, is now doing nicely.

Friday night, Feb. 10, 1888, Freeman Chadwick, who lives about a mile and a half out of town, on the Alton road, heard a commotion among his turkeys, which were roosting near the house. Going out he discovered that some animal had taken one of the birds and made off with it. He immediately put his dog on the animal's track, and it soon put it up a tree. Mr. Chadwick got his gun and a lantern and went to the tree where the dog stood guard, and soon got his eye on the object of his search, and blazed away. His aim proved accurate, and down came a monstrous wildcat—one of the largest of its species. The cat was on exhibition in this borough on Saturday and of course attracted much attention.

Henry C. Pierce, the celebrated Indian basso soloist, died at Versailles, N. Y., on Sunday, February 5th, 1888, of quick consumption.

When the news of Mr. Pierce's fatal illness reached this place, where he was so well known a few weeks since, no one could believe that a man with such a splendid physique as he possessed could ever succumb to that dread disease—consumption. The subject of this sketch was born on the Cattaraugus (N. Y.) Reservation, July 26th, 1856. At the age of fifteen years he was deprived of a mother's care, and was in a measure thrown on the world to shift for himself. Working on the farm summers, he obtained sufficient money to enable him to attend school during the winter months. During this time the fact became known that he possessed a voice of wonderful compass, and after a time he joined Hi Henry's minstrels, and traveled with that company for a time. The practice which he derived from this he always spoke of as being of inestimable benefit to him in many ways. Afterwards he took a course of vocal lessons of Prof. Tubbs, of Buffalo, and then began convention work, a calling in which he met with much success. It was his highest ambition to excel in his chosen field of labor, and with that end in view he left his home on the Reservation last July with plenty of funds to finish his course of instruction with Prof. Tubbs, after which he intended to go to New York, where he was to take a position. But his fond hopes were blasted. The fourth day after he resumed his studies he contracted a heavy cold, which developed into inflammation of the lungs, and for nine weeks he was confined to his bed. After recovering somewhat he returned to his home, but the journey proved too much for him in his enfeebled condition, and he had a relapse, from which he speedily drifted into consumption, and the end soon came. Prof. Pierce was a genial, whole-souled man and by his gentlemanly ways won friends on every hand. He did effective convention work in Smethport. His last public appearance here was on the occasion of the unveiling of the soldiers' monument on the court house grounds on June 2, 1886, at which time he took an active part in the vocal music furnished. He lived and died with a Christian's hope of a blessed hereafter. Peace to his soul.

George, the ten-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Sprague, of this place, was badly cut about the face Tuesday evening Feb. 7, 1888, while coasting on the Glenn hill. It appears that George, in company with a number of his companions, were indulging in the dangerous pastime of riding down the icy hill, when, near John Baker & Sons' planing mill, he suddenly came in contact with a cake of ice which lay on the side of the road, causing the injuries as above stated. He was taken to the house of Harry Valentine, on Water street, and Dr. Brown summoned, who sewed up the wounds and placed the little sufferer in as comfortable a position as possible.

Literary Clubs of the County.

The Bradford Sunday Herald of last week contained historical accounts of the various literary clubs of the county, the following extracts are of local interest:

The first record of a woman's club in McKean county is to be found in the time stained pages of a little book enclosed in wall paper covers and devoted to the Constitution, By-Laws and Rules of Order of the Young Woman's Literary Society of Ceres. Its membership contains names familiar among the early settlers of McKean county—King, Bell, etc. This society flourished about [illegible], and was undoubtedly the literary center of the county. The little book was for many years in possession of the late Mrs. P. Ford, of Smethport, but passed into the hands of a resident of Ceres.

Smethport Travelers Club: This club was organized in 1892 and federated with the State [illegible]. It is one of the most successful clubs in the county. Its present officers are: President, Helen Gardner Morrison; vice presidents, Mrs. Emma Gifford, Mrs. J. W. Bouton; secretary, Mrs. Burdette Bayle; treasurer, Mrs. Sheridan Gorton.

McKean Chapter, Daughters of American Revolution, at Smethport, was organized November, 1902, with Mrs. T. A. Morrison as regent and Mrs. John Forrest, vice regent. It is devoted to installing patriotism. The chapter has offered an annual prize of $5 for the best essay on a topic to be assigned by the chapter, written by a high school student. This chapter has contributed to the bas-relief of William Penn placed in the battleship Pennsylvania. It has arranged to have markers placed at the graves of revolutionary soldiers, also of those of the war of 1812, who are buried within the limits of the county.

The McKean County Woman's Christian Temperance Union was organized at Bradford in 1883, with Mrs. Rachel Hotchkiss as its first president. The movement spread throughout the county until every town and every village had a union. Prominent among the women who have been devoted adherents of the cause from its inception until the present are: Mrs. C. P. Collins, Mrs. J. W. Fitts, Mrs. Hornet of Bradford, Mrs. M. E. Richmond of Smethport, Mrs. E. D. Kane of Kane. It has about 500 members and holds county conventions semi-annually. Its object is to suppress intemperance, but it has taken up many other departments of work, including social purity.

The Women's Relief Corps from the year 1883 has been actively engaged in benevolent work, aiding old soldiers or the families of veterans whenever necessary. Corps have been organized in all towns in the county. Two state department presidents, Mrs. Thomas A. Morrison and the late Mrs. Martha Sherman of Bradford, were from McKean county. The state W. R. C. established a home at Brookville for indigent soldiers, their wives and children. Mrs. Morrison was president of the board of directors for four years.

Soon after the close of the Civil war a literary club composed of men and women was organized in Smethport, called the Lyceum, that in its time, continuing for more than a decade, was noted as an intellectual organization of power. Its meetings were held in the old court house. The program of the meetings consisted of recitations, papers and vigorous debates. Andrus Williams was its president for a time, and he gave much attention to the literary programs. During its existance its membership included many of the best known citizens of the county seat and vicinity. Its reputation reached beyond the precincts of McKean, and many a noted visitor participated in the meetings.

Sunday Hack to Newton.

J. E. Haley announces that he runs a hack to Newton Sunday regularly to meet the 3:12 train on the B. R. & P., and will meet all other trains when notified in advance. Leave word at Haley's livery or C. B. Dickenson's store.

Telegraphy.

Telegraphy will be re-opened January 14. Arrange now if you want to learn the art at Westbrook Academy, Olean, N. Y.

To Rent.

Modern house, with hot and cold water and bath, $9 per month. Inquire of J. C. Gallup, postmaster. tf

Wanted.

To exchange second hand hemlock lumber for hay. C. H. Gleason.

Everybody should try a "Druggist."

Subscribe for the MINER

Reversing a Decision.

By EDITH MELNO.

Copyrighted, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

Thomas Henderson Howle stepped grandly from the elevator, rather resentful of the elevator boy's patronizing pat on the head. Men who came downtown on business should not be patted on the head even if their mothers do possess foolish ideas that curls are cute. Men on business bent always act importantly and should be treated with deference.

The pat had the effect of stiffening Thomas Henderson Howle's small backbone to an unusual degree of ramrod stiffness, and it was a very pompous six-year-old who entered Dorrington's office.

Tim Dorrington looked up from a pile of papers with a genial smile.

"Welcome to our city, Mr. Thomas Henderson Howle," he cried. "And what good fortune brings you to the office? Surely you are not about to be sued for breach of promise? I am afraid of that little Houston girl, or, perhaps it is the embezzlement of preserves again?"

"It's a letter," explained Tommy stiffly, as he delivered the square, white envelope into Tim's trembling hands. "I will be going now," he added as he turned away. Tim raised his hand.

"Wait a moment, please," he asked. "There may be an answer."

Tommy climbed into the biggest chair and settled himself with quaint, old fashioned gravity, while Dorrington opened and read the note. Twice the man read it, though the first time the words had seared themselves into his brain.

It was a cold, almost curt, note in which Jessie Howle acknowledged the honor he had done her in offering to make her his wife, an honor she declined, regretting that there had been anything in their friendship to lead him to believe that the friendship might grow to greater intimacy.

Dorrington smiled bitterly as he read the last few lines. Surely he had had every reason to hope for a favorable answer to his letter. Jessie had been tenderness itself. With a sigh he thrust the letter into his pocket and turned to his small visitor.

"I regret, Thomas Henderson Howle," he said in the playful banter that had been suggested by the child's quaint dignity, "I regret that certain pleasurable anticipations of a wild dissipation in soda water and candy in celebration of an important event have been dashed to earth. But man turns to drink both to express his joys and drown his sorrows. *Therefore* I pray you to descend with me to the drug store on the ground floor and assist me in the latter ceremony. They have hot chocolate with whipped cream."

"No, thank you," said Tommy politely. "I don't want any soda."

"Perhaps you'd prefer the stronger tipple of beef tea?" suggested Dorrington. "It is a cup that cheers without inebriety and can be rendered quite palatable if you use enough celery salt to disguise the flavor of the beef extract. Shall we go?"

"I don't want to go with you," said Tommy stolidly. "I don't like you any more. You made Jessie cry."

"That," said Tom, "is what they call an inversion of facts. Your sister has made me cry."

"I'm glad of it," said Tommy cruelly. "You made her cry lots."

"You are sure?" asked Dorrington quickly. "She was crying over my letter?"

"Lots," declared Tommy with a sweeping gesture that suggested a very flood of tears. "I went to her room to get her to sew the tail on my dog again. She was crying awfully, and she was kissing your letter and saying things."

Dorrington moved closer to the boy. "You don't remember what she said, do you?" he pleaded gently. "See if you can't think, Tommy, boy. Try hard, laddie."

Thomas Henderson Howle knitted his brows thoughtfully and assisted the mental process by solemnly wriggling his right foot.

"It was something about a mean sacrifice," he said at last. "Sacrifices," he added informatively, "is where the Indians kill people and burn 'em up."

"The operation is bloodless and the fires are internal nowadays," said Dorrington softly. "What else did she say?"

"She said 'How can I do it?' and then she cried some more," continued Tommy. "Then there was something about for father's sake, and mother came in and said something about duty and then something about Mr. Bowen, and Jessie cried lots more, and then she wrote the letter, and she gave me a penny for myself and kissed me."

For a moment Dorrington sat stunned. He had invested heavily in suburban real estate, and much of his capital was tied up in land, but Dorrington had not guessed that Mr. Howle's need was so great that he had been compelled to go to Bowen.

For nearly a year Cyrus Bowen had sought to make Jessie the fourth Mrs. Bowen. Mrs. Howle had favored his suit, for the matron was ambitious for her daughter, but it must have been dire need that caused blunt Henry Howle to add his influence. Dorrington turned to Tommy.

"Thomas Henderson Howle," he said quietly, "I pledge you the word of one man to another that I did not make Jessie cry. Will you mind the office a moment?"

He swung the youngster into the big chair before the roll top desk, supplied him with a pencil and pad and slipped from the room. It was less than a block to the office building in which Henry Howle had his suit, and shortly Dorrington entered the private office of the operator.

"You will pardon my abruptness," began Tom, "but I have just had a letter from Jessie refusing an offer of marriage. From what Tommy says I imagine that her refusal is influenced by the fact that you need Bowen's assistance, and she is the bonus for the loan. Am I right?"

For a moment Henry Howle's hands clinched and unclinched themselves nervously. The blunt statement of facts roused him to anger, but the white, tense face of the man before him restrained him from pitching Tim out of the office as he longed to do. He liked Tim, and it hurt him to give pain to the young fellow.

"You are not entirely correct in your premises," he said at length. "I believe that Jessie does contemplate marriage with Mr. Bowen. Bowen has promised to come to my aid in an extremity. That Deepdale tract has been a heavy burden to me. Bowen will take it at what I paid and pay cash. This will enable me to save other investments. Naturally Jessie is grateful to the friend who has come to my rescue and looks with favor upon his suit. I tell you this that you may understand. Of course it will go no further."

"I thank you for your confidence, which will be respected. But I want to ask what you are getting for your Deepdale holdings."

Howle looked at the younger man in surprise. "I presume that you have a reason for asking," he said. "The sum is [illegible]. That is $200 more than I gave for the land."

"Bowen is generous in the extreme," said Dorrington, with a sneer. "No doubt you are aware that the Central and Suburban plans a cutoff to the main line that strikes the property? That will be better than the trolley which was not built. I am junior counsel for the road, and I know that Bowen has known this for two weeks."

For a moment Howle shrank back stunned at the treachery of his fancied benefactor. Bowen would make a handsome profit from his supposed charitable action.

"I suppose this is the reason you seek Jessie's hand," sneered the older man, stung to a retort as an outlet to his feelings.

"Not at all," said Dorrington calmly. "My reason for speaking now is that they purchased my old homestead for a model town. They are to build their shops there. I had not thought of your holdings. Do you want a loan?"

Twenty minutes later Dorrington burst into his own office.

"Tommy, boy," he cried, "for your great services let us get soused on soda and then buy out a candy store and take it up to Jessie. You've enabled me to beat Bowen at his own game and wipe Jessie's tears away. 'Soused' is a vulgar word, Tommy, boy, but it's expressive of my feelings, and to your uncanny powers of observation I owe the fact that I've reversed the decision."

Does War Develop Nations?

From the horrors of war have come many benefits unexpected at the time. China will yet come to bless the day that she was beaten by Japan. The blood and agony of the civil war made America a nation. Italian unity had its foundation in the humiliation of Novara. France made her way to her rightful place among the nations from the miseries of Sedan and the commune. Wellington used to consider that the greatness of modern British arms owed its birth to Charles I, and the efficiency of naval administration to James II. For good or ill, it is from the stricken fields of the Crimea that Russia's present greatness dates. She stood alone against the world. Her exchequer was empty, her paper money no longer accepted. The great empire, built up by such labor and pain, was within measurable distance of dissolution. Sevastopol fell. Finland and Poland were on the verge of breaking away. All looked at its blackest. The conditions imposed in the peace treaty were humiliating in the extreme, but one by one Russia slid out of them. The tremendous development which has taken place in Russia dates solely from that dark hour when all seemed so nearly lost. To say that right over might has triumphed would be another matter.—London St. James' Magazine.

He Won His Bet.

Thomas Nelson Page, while riding down a country road, met an old negro leading a horse and laughing as only a negro can.

"Sam," said Mr. Page, "what's the joke?"

"Oh! Mawnin' marster. I jes' won a bet offen his hyear fool hoss."

"Why, Sam," said Mr. Page, "how did you do that?"

"Well, you see, boss, I was a-leadin' dis hyear hoss back yonder an' I seen a piece of paper ahead of us, an' I said, 'Blacky, I bet you a quarter you gwine ter be afraid of it.' But Blacky shook his haid—he wouldn't. Then I said, 'Blacky, I bet you a quarter you will—will you take my bet?' An' he nodded his haid. Well, sah, when we git up dar de wind flutter dat paper about; an', Lord bless my soul, you oughter seen dat hoss. He shy clean outen de field. Ha, ha, ha! An' dat's what tickles me—dat I'm a quarter ahead."

"Why, Sam, you are crazy. You can't collect the quarter from a horse."

"Yassah, dat I can! My marster he'll give me a dollar tonight to git oats an' hay fer dat hoss, but I'll git him 75 cents' wuth an' keep my quarter. Ha, ha!"

He Went.

The Hungry Guest—Jeames, what time is dinner? The Candid Butler—I 'as my horders, sir, which is to serve hup as soon as ever you go, sir.—London Express.

The country which is cultivated with difficulty produces great men.—Menander.

No need to fear coughs and colds this year as you can obtain Bees Laxative Cough Syrup now from your dealer. This is good news to mothers who fear croup and whooping cough. It is a gentle laxative that expells the poison from the system in the natural way. Cuts the phlegm and clears the head. Guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

THE COLD KEY.

A Popular and an Ancient Remedy For Nosebleed.

In case of hemorrhage, especially in that of bleeding from the nose, our forefathers applied to the forehead and to the nose ointments and even the patient's own blood. They practiced ligation of the limbs, a means devised by Apollonius in the reign of Nero, ligating the great toe of the side corresponding to the bleeding nostril, and they resorted to derivation by bloodletting. They plugged the ears with tow, a procedure recommended by Galen. But, above all, they sought to produce fainting. Locally the haemostatic most employed was spider's web, with which they filled the nasal fossa. Of all these empirical procedures the most widespread and the one still most employed in popular medicine is the application of cold. The most available source of cold, because it is everywhere procurable, is water. Consequently it has oftenest been employed. In epistaxis the ancient physicians advised bathing the face with very cold water and causing it to be held in the mouth. They also soaked the hands and feet in cold water.

On the theory that cold things restrain hemorrhage many persons replaced water by solid cold objects and hung about the neck of the patients attacked with epistaxis coral, jasper, yellow amber, marble or articles of iron. Physicians pointed out, indeed, certain regions with which it was preferable to make the contact. They realized that it was the coldness of the object, not its nature, that did the work. No special property must be attributed to the iron, said Guyon-Dolois, for chains of gold, silver or lead would serve the same purpose. In popular medicine, however, iron has remained the material most employed in nasal hemorrhages, and the application of the key to the back is largely resorted to in the household. Dr. Helot possesses an enormous key which he uses only as a paperweight. One day a patient, pointing to this massive key, exclaimed, "It is to stop hemorrhages!" It was a key of the eighteenth century.

"We may laugh," says M. Helot, "at the charm attributed to the key in epistaxis, but we must admit that cold has a certain action in cases of hemorrhage. It contracts the capillary vessels. When it is applied at a distance from the site of hemorrhage its efficiency may be a matter for discussion, but its effect is certain when it is applied to the actual seat of the bleeding, and rhinologists know the value of causing the patient to swallow ice. Possibly the cold key has no other hemostatic power than what is connected with the sensation of cold which it produces. A cold compress would probably act with more certainty, but it would be difficult to dethrone the key, which one always has in one's pocket. There is certainly some wisdom in the resources of our ancestors and of the common people, even as the alchemists of old were no fools, as is shown by our modern chemistry."—New York Medical Journal.

Dodging a Problem.

Little Gracie was very much interested in her arithmetic, and some of the examples which she brought home to work out during the evening hours were puzzling to her parents, who many years ago had forgotten even the rudimentary rules. The other evening the little girl had one about carpeting a room, and this she handed out to her father as the family sat about the table after supper.

"Papa," said Gracie, "if you had a room thirty-seven and a half feet long and forty-two and three-quarter feet wide, how many yards of carpet three-quarters of a yard wide would it take to carpet this room?"

Papa thought a minute and then said: "I think I should leave it to the man in the carpet store. He is paid to figure those things out."

"But, papa," said Gracie, "I've got to do this example. Suppose you were the man in the carpet store. How would you get the number of yards?"

"Well," said papa, "I guess I would have to throw up my job."

"How would you do it, mamma?" said the little girl, turning to her mother.

"Well, Gracie," said mamma, "I don't think I would carpet the room at all. I believe I would buy a rug. It is easier to take care of and a great deal more sanitary."

And Gracie had to struggle through the example all by her lonesome.—Boston Traveler.

To Move the Road.

There appear to have been in the Old Dominion during early colonial days a great number of dogs of a mongrel breed, the chief use of which was to destroy the smaller kind of animals running wild in the woods and fields. How valuable they were considered to be by their owners is shown in a case which occurred in Northampton county about 1691 and is recorded by P. A. Bruce in "The Social Life of Virginia In the Seventeenth Century."

A complaint was lodged in the county court against Mike Dixon on the ground that he permitted his dogs to rush out and bark at persons passing along the highway, which was situated immediately in front of his door.

Instead of proposing to kill or restrain the dogs, Dixon simply petitioned the court to have the public road removed some distance back from his dwelling house, "because it was necessary," he declared, "to keep dogs for the preservation of creatures from vermin."

The "creatures" he referred to were poultry and young pigs, and the "vermin" were wolves, foxes, minks, polecats and the like.

It is not stated whether or not his petition was granted.

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire, and Accident
Written by
W. F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.
In good, reliable companies.

Her Titian Rival.

By MARTHA COBB SANFORD.

Copyrighted, 1907, by Homer Sprague.

"Wanted, a talented and vivacious young woman fond of children and of art to accompany mother and son abroad. Must have red hair."

"Well, of all things!" exclaimed Zephine Holliday. "What a funny advertisement, and if it doesn't hit me off to a T."

She read it over again, as if to convince herself that it was really not an optical illusion. Then she settled down to think it over.

A large half packed trunk stood open before her, and about her on table, chairs and floor were piled all her worldly accessories, for Zephine was to start the next day for a distant western city, where she had accepted the position of teacher of everything from elementary arithmetic, which she despised, to the history of art, which she loved, but had no particular desire to try to make a lot of giggling young girls love with an equal ardor.

Still there seemed nothing else to do now that the college course was over and there were no surplus funds in the family exchequer.

"I'll answer that ad. in person," Zephine announced to the trunk whose expansive yawn indicated expressively its amazement. "A kindergarten of one somehow sounds more attractive than a boarding school full of scatter brained girls, especially when it has with it a trip to Europe thrown in."

When Zephine rang the Maxwell bell that afternoon at the address given in the advertisement, she looked captivating enough to adorn any European party, no matter how fastidious its constituents. Her smart little autumn hat and her trig tailor costume both toned in harmoniously with the gold bronze of her hair that blew about coquettishly in the stirring breeze.

After sending up her card Zephine, with a half conscious sigh of appreciation, sank down into the cushioned depths of a luxurious easy chair to await the presence of the mysterious mother. When the latter entered the drawing room Zephine gazed upon her with frank admiration. She was stately and beautiful and above all undeniably motherly.

"You came in answer to my advertisement in the morning paper?" she asked. Her sweet naturalness quite banished all Zephine's embarrassment.

"Yes. I—I thought I would like to know more about it," the girl answered cautiously.

"You are fond of art, Miss Holliday—do you paint?"

"I'm not an artist, if that is what you mean, but I am very fond of pictures and paint a little for my own amusement. Do you wish me to teach your son how to paint, Mrs. Maxwell? I'm afraid"—

"Oh, no, indeed; just help him out a bit now and then with a suggestion. He likes to have his own way about some things; only he needs some one who is in sympathy with his little fads and fancies. You like children, do you not, Miss Holliday? Of course that is essential."

"I can't live without them," Zephine replied with glowing enthusiasm. (And how could she? If it were not for children her chances of earning a livelihood would be small indeed!)

"If you are vivacious, I do not need to ask," commented Mrs. Maxwell, glancing at Zephine with genuine approval. "I like to have Ralph have lively companionship. He's so stirring himself. He leads me altogether too merry a chase."

"But why is red hair essential?" Zephine finally plucked up sufficient courage to inquire, at the same time blushing bewitchingly.

Mrs. Maxwell laughed softly.

"Oh, that's just to satisfy one of Ralph's whims. He's so cranky since he got over his long illness, poor boy, that we do all we can to please him in every little way. And he simply dotes on red hair. Why, he always paints women with red hair, and last Christmas, when we were selecting a doll for a little girl friend of his, he insisted on her having red hair."

Zephine joined in the laugh and almost forgot her misgivings over the prospect of her handling this "cranky" and evidently spoiled son of an over fond mother, who frankly acknowledged that she couldn't handle him herself.

When the arrangements were finally concluded Zephine walked home in a daze. She brought herself back to reality long enough, however, to send a telegram to the distant boarding school, which she would never enlighten with her funds of knowledge after all.

"Well," she announced to the hospitable trunk, which still gaped in astonishment when she returned, "it's lucky my clothes are all in order. Think of it, we start for Europe, old trunk, day after tomorrow, you and I—and Ralph and Ralph's mother," she added in a subdued anticlimax. "I wish I'd seen the kid. I know he's incorrigible."

The day for sailing was ideally fair. Mrs. Maxwell met Zephine at the steamer and accompanied her to her stateroom, establishing herself comfortably there with much motherly kindness.

"After the farewells are over you and Ralph must get acquainted," she said, hastening back to the deck.

Zephine herself had a few goodbys to wave. Indeed, she was a central figure of attraction as she stood at the rail of the steamer, waving her handkerchief gayly, all unconscious of her picturesqueness as the sun crept under the brim of her hat and made a bright glory of her hair.

"By George, isn't she a stunner!" Zephine could not help hear a young man near her exclaim.

She blushed with confusion and was relieved to see her patroness approaching.

"Let me introduce my son Ralph," Mrs. Maxwell said proudly, laying her hand on the arm of the young man who had just complimented Zephine so spontaneously. "I expect you two to get on famously together."

Ralph extended his hand with willing cordiality, but Zephine stood transfixed with astonishment. At last she looked at Mrs. Maxwell appealingly.

"I thought he was a little boy," she gasped helplessly.

The explanations that followed were chaotic at best. Mrs. Maxwell supposed, of course, that Zephine knew of her son, Ralph Maxwell, the artist, the popular portrait painter of children and modern madonnas. Why, had she not mentioned especially how he painted all women with red hair? That is why she had thought it would give him particular pleasure to have the third member of their party possess this distinctive mark of beauty.

And as for Ralph—why, he himself had been entirely ignorant of the whole plot until that very morning, when his mother had revealed it to him, telling him with boundless enthusiasm that she had asked Miss Holliday, a charming young woman, to accompany them on their trip so that he would have some one to share his art enthusiasm with and to join him in his tireless hunts in search of picturesque children to pose for him.

While this rapid fire of elucidation was going on Zephine looked from one to the other in her effort to comprehend the situation. Finally she burst out laughing a little hysterical, perhaps, but still it was the vivacious Zephine coming to her rescue.

Mrs. Maxwell sighed and smiled all at once.

"Oh, I'm so glad we all understand each other now. And I know we're going to be the best of friends."

With this optimistic assertion she turned to greet social acquaintances.

"And so you thought I was a kid," laughed Ralph, looking at Zephine with undisguised admiration. "Well, I am pretty much of a one. You'll have to take me in hand just the same. I may not mind promptly sometimes, but that will be because I'm oblivious to everything save the glory of your hair."

"It's dyed; I did it to get the job," replied Zephine, as she turned and left the young man staring blankly after her.

* * * * * * *

On the last day out Zephine sat curled up comfortably in her steamer chair, pretending to read. Ralph sat not far off sketching her, as she very well knew.

"When we get settled in the studio I shall make a portrait of you, Miss Holliday—that is if you are willing."

"Then I shall be both a dyed and painted lady," she laughed teasingly, "an irresistible combination."

Ralph made no reply, but gazed at her so steadily that at last Zephine was compelled to raise her eyes.

"I could love you in spite of either," was the unexpected declaration that he made in response to her questioning glance, "but fortunately I'm not put to the test. All the dyes in the world couldn't produce the matchless brightness and beauty of your hair, dear. Why did you try to deceive me, Zephine?"

"Were you deceived?"

"For a day or two, because you shocked me into it. You haven't told me why yet."

"Oh, because you annoyed me that very first day by making love to my hair. Everybody does. It's my rival, and I—I wanted you to make love to me."

"And didn't I do it the very next day?"

Zephine looked at him indulgently.

"Yes, and every day since. You're every bit the incorrigible boy I imagined you."

"Only this incorrigible boy is in love with his teacher," answered Ralph, stealing hold of her warm little hand beneath the steamer rug.

Night Watchmen's Woes.

A night watchman employed by a construction company called at the office one day last week and asked to be transferred to some other building.

"I want a job," he said, "in some neighborhood that ain't so all fired aristocratic. It's too high toned up there for me. If you haven't anything else for me to do I'll look for another job, that's all."

The manager saw that the man was in earnest, and he promised to move him into a less exclusive section of the city.

"All night watchmen," the manager explained, "have a prejudice against very fine neighborhoods. They have to keep too quiet there. Most watchmen in order to keep the time from dragging heavily have recourse to some particular pastime. One man in our employ insists upon having on hand a small stack of boards, which he piles up and tears down at intervals throughout the night. In a quiet neighborhood the residents are disturbed by the clatter of the boards and the man is soundly berated for his activity. Again, night watchmen like to talk. They stop every nocturnal stroller and talk as long as the victim will listen. Neighbors who cannot sleep well complain about that too. In fact, in the very aristocratic sections the only thing a watchman can do that doesn't get him into trouble is to sit still and count his fingers."—New York Sun.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray
Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.
50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

FOR YOUNG OR OLD
THE BEST PILL SOLD
Rings
Little Liver Pills

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

L. K. Hogarth
Dealer in Drugs and Medicines.
Opposite Grange National Bank

Our Ice Cream factory has been improved and is again in operation. For Christmas will have Vanilla, Banana and Chocolate Ice Cream. Plain or in bricks.

New China. Fresh Fine Candies. Best line of Cigars ever seen in Smethport.

Everything in the Druggist line of the best at the right prices.

Hot and Cold Soda.

Call and see us.

L. K. HOGARTH,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Grange Bank SMETHPORT

ACME MILL,
F. A. GREEN, Prop.

We carry a complete and fresh stock of

FLOUR, FEED,
MEAL, OATS,
MIDDLINGS, Etc.

AGENT FOR
Blatchford's Calf Meal.
Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

Rooney's is the Place
to buy a nice, sweet piece of
Fresh,
Salt or
Smoked
MEAT
whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for
Fruit and Vegetables
I am always headquarters.
J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

UNDERTAKING
AND
EMBALMING
IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR
SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

A. T. Palmer
Agent for Empire Drill Co.
Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Fedders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets an Robes is here and at th store you can always fnd

Just What You Want.

ll line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cas Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

PATENTS
PROCURED AND DEFENDED. Send model, drawing or photo for expert search and free report. Free advice, how to obtain patents, trade marks, copyrights, etc., IN ALL COUNTRIES.
Business direct with Washington saves time, money and often the patent.
Patent and Infringement Practice Exclusively.
Write or come to us at
523 Ninth Street, opp. United States Patent Office,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
C.A.SNOW & Co.

A. STURDVEINT

I have purchased the candy and fruit stand formerly owned by "John" Musanti, next to the Brownell grocery and will carry a full line of

Fruits, Nuts, Confectionery, Etc

Your patronage is solicited.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for every[illegible] [illegible] of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable estalishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

C. J. [illegible]

Practical [illegible]

[illegible]

HORSESHOEING

BLACKSMITHING

[illegible]

THE BIG STORE

GAS STOVES AND RANGES

SNOW SHOVELS AND BROOMS

SLEDS AND SKATES

MEAT AND BUTTER CROCKS

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE

CROSS CUT SAWS AND AXES

WOOD CHOPPRR'S MAULS & WEDGES

J. C. HAMLIN

The Big Store, SMETHPORT, PA.

A Lazy Liver

May be only a tired liver, or a starved liver. It would be a stupid as well as savage thing to beat a weary or starved man because he lagged in his work. So in treating the lagging, torpid liver it is a great mistake to lash it with strong drastic drugs. A torpid liver is but an indication of an ill-nourished, enfeebled body whose organs are weary with over work. Start with the stomach and allied organs of digestion and nutrition. Put them in working order and see how quickly your liver will become active. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has made many marvelous cures of "liver trouble" by its wonderful control of the organs of digestion and nutrition. It restores the normal activity of the stomach, increases the secretions of the blood-making glands, cleanses the system from poisonous accumulations, and so relieves the liver of the burdens imposed upon it by the defection of other organs.

If you have bitter or bad taste in the morning, poor or variable appetite, coated tongue, foul breath, constipated or irregular bowels, feel weak, easily tired, despondent, frequent headaches, [illegible] "small of back," [illegible] in stomach, perhaps nausea, [illegible] "risings" in throat after eating, and [illegible] [illegible] Perhaps only [illegible]

[illegible]

How to Get Rich Quick.

If a man starts putting up one cent on the first day of the month and doubles the sum every day for thirty days, how much will it amount to in the end?

Here is the entire addition for you:

1—1
2—2
3—4
4—8
5—16
6—32
7—64
8—128
9—256
10—512
11—1024
12—2048
13—4096
14—8192
15—16384
16—32768
17—65536
18—131072
19—262144
20—524288
21—1048576
22—2097152
23—4194304
24—8388608
[illegible]

A JAPANESE TOILET.

The Demure Brown Maiden In Her Holiday Attire.

The Japanese college girl entertained the fudge party with oriental reminiscences.

"On every holiday," she said, "the Japanese maiden must rise and have her toilet finished before the sun looks over Fujiyama, our sacred mountain.

"And what a toilet! The long, coarse black tresses are washed, combed and greased till the head shines like a knob of polished black marble. The cheeks are rouged a fine pink. The throat, neck and bosom are powdered but at the nape of the neck there are left three lines of the original brown skin, in accordance with the rules of Japanese cosmetic art.

"With charcoal she rounds and lengthens her eyebrows. She reddens her lips with cherry paste, adding a gilt diamond to the center of the pouting lower lip. She puts on eight fresh garments, and [illegible]

[illegible]

A ROYAL [illegible]

[illegible]

THE FEATHER BED.

It Is a Poor Thing to Use Either In Summer or Winter.

"Few people, even physicians themselves, seem to know the principal reason why medical science condemns the use of feather beds in winter as well as in summer," said a New York physician recently.

"It is because feather beds are highly hygroscopic—a rather formidable word, but one meaning simply that feathers readily absorb and condense moisture. The body is constantly throwing off waste matter through the skin and the lungs. The feathers in the bed will absorb this waste matter as readily as it will simple atmospheric moisture. The feathers retain the waste matter during the day, when the bed is cold, even when it is aired, unless also warmed by sunshine during the time it is exposed to the air.

"At night, when the body of the sleeper warms the bed, the feathers renew their hygroscopic action and throw off the waste matter [illegible]

[illegible]

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

[illegible]

DR. F. C. PIERCE,

[illegible]

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

[illegible] Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

[illegible]

BURDICK & SARTWELL

PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason Block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

McKean County Miner.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan [illegible]

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The Tioga county jail contains only [illegible] prisoners. [illegible] of the county [illegible]

—[illegible] Henry W. Martindale, formerly a well known hotel man of Sizerville, died a few days ago in Hackettstown, N. J.

—The MINER'S subscription list continues to grow steadily. The dollar a year in advance rate is drawing many new readers.

—According to reports Fielder Jones of Bolivar will again manage the Chicago American League base ball team, and that his salary for the season of 1908 will be $10,000.

—"The Lion and the Mouse," comes to the Lyceum, Thursday, Nov. 28. This excellent attraction is not a new one to the theatre-goers of Smethport, but owing to its great popularity will undoubtedly be greeted with a crowded house.

—An interesting advertisement concerning "Miss Petticoats," the attraction at the Lyceum, Friday evening, January 17, appears in this issue. If advance reports and the opinions of various people who have witnessed the production are to be believed, this should prove an excellent attraction.

—James Kittell, the Coudersport man who accidentally shot himself, a few weeks ago, died recently at the county home near that town. This unfortunate man blew the top of his head off, and it is a wonder to physicians how he managed to live as long as he did after receiving the wound.

—K. P. Cotter has purchased the oil lease formerly operated by John Thomas. It consists of over 60 acres with six wells. The wells have not been pumped in some time and it is the intention of the new owner to clean them out and put the lease into shape. There is considerable room for new wells to be drilled.—Eldred Eagle.

—A DuBois dispatch says: The skeleton thought to be that of Thomas Scully, a prominent lumberman, who mysteriously disappeared from Hicks Run about four months ago, was found near that place this morning. Scully was first missed just after a pay day, but when the remains were found there was nothing of value found in his clothes, the pockets of which were turned inside out. It is thought that the man met with foul play.

—[illegible] McAllister of the [illegible] [illegible] plants of [illegible] of that city over the [illegible] in which he [illegible] Sunday morning. The blaze started in a block of wooden buildings and for a time it looked as though a bad conflagration would result, but the chief applied scientific methods in directing his men and in a short time the fire was out—the damage being comparatively slight.

—We want to say a good word for the man who meets his small obligations promptly. They are not as plentiful as they should be and the man needs encouraging. Most men will pay, but fewer will pay promptly. Almost any firm will testify that, counting the time, postage, booking and like it costs all some accounts are worth to collect them and still the man owing it to them is perfectly responsible in a financial way. It very often happens that the worst sinner in this particular is the man best able to pay.—Oswayo Valley Mail.

—On Monday afternoon just after the train south had passed, a new born, well developed baby, still alive, was picked up on the Pennsylvania tracks near Sizerville. The baby had a slight abrasion on the side of its head, evidently caused by a fall from the train. It died within a few minutes. While a quiet investigation is now in progress, it is not at present known who are the parents of the child. The body was cared for by the undertaker at Emporium. Later reports say that the mother has been located at Buffalo and is to be arrested.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—Thomas Riley, the man who shot and killed Benjamin Robinson in Highland township, Elk county, last spring, died at the asylum at Warren, on Saturday. Riley's trial attracted considerable attention when it was tried in Ridgway last summer. John E. Mullin of Kane was attorney for the defendant. Riley owned a small piece of land at Russell City and the oil men of that vicinity had been in the habit of crossing his property as it was a short cut to their work. Riley built a fence and warned all off his premises. As Robinson was crossing the lot one day Riley appeared with a shotgun and fired at him, the charge striking Robinson in the face and resulting in his death a few hours later. At the trial Riley's defense was insanity and expert testimony convinced the jury for a verdict to that effect was brought in. Riley was committed to Warren. He was an old man and not in good health. He leaves a wife one son and a daughter. The remains were turned over to the family for burial.

Moments That Counted.

Bacon's fame is mainly due to books written in the spare hours while he was England's chancellor. Humboldt's days were so occupied with his [illegible] that he had to pursue his scientific labors in the night or early morning. Burns wrote his most beautiful poems in his spare moments while working on a farm. Grote wrote his "History of Greece" during the odds and ends of time snatched from his duty as a banker. "Moments are the golden sands of time" if rightly used.

Grass Eggs.

When a hen is made sick eating too freely of grass she lays what are known as "grass eggs." Grass eggs are poor stuff. They have an unpleasant flavor, and the yolk wabbles around in a weak and watery white and is green and dull in color. The term is one applied by vendors, who discover while testing that there is a pale greenish hue to the eggs and that they are not at all of the bright fresh color that we find in healthy eggs.—Baltimore American.

What He Wanted.

A very baldheaded man went into the barber shop in the American House in our town and, plumping himself down in the chair, said:

"Hair-cut."

Ed, the barber, looked at him a moment and replied:

"Why, man, you don't need no hair cut. What you want is a shine."—Life.

A New One.

Mrs. Wigwag—How is your husband, Aunt Mandy? Aunt Mandy—Porely, ma'am. He was gittin' along all right, but now de doctah done say he got de convalescence.—Philadelphia Record.

The Compromise.

"My bride wanted to go on a week's wedding tour, and I wanted to stay at home. Well, we compromised by going on a tour around the world!"—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Hard Climbing.

Weary Walker—De world's all wrong. Tired Tatters—Wot's eatin' youse now? Weary Walker—Ef I'd a had de makin' uv it I'd made all de roads runnin' downhill.—Chicago News.

Ring's Little Liver Pills wake up lazy livers, clean the system and clear the skin. Try them for biliousness and sick headache. Price 25c. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Quality Cigar, "Druggist" Straight 5.

Subscribe for the MINER

[illegible]

The Victorian English.

The English [illegible] spoke the language which was already dying in the eighteen fifties was before all things a world of the country. The sights and sounds of nature played a far greater part in the lives of the mass of the people than they do to-day. This is reflected, for instance, in the way in which birds and animals were spoken of and the names given them. I have myself once or twice heard old people in the country speak of the hen as "Dame Partlet." One is familiar with the phrase from books, of course, it is Chaucer's "Pertelote," but once or twice as a child I certainly heard it. I suppose it would be impossible to hear it anywhere now.—London Outlook.

Fluency of Speech.

The common fluency of speech in many men and most women is owing to a scarcity of matter and a scarcity of words, for whoever is a master of language and hath a mind full of ideas will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both, whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas and one set of words to clothe them in, and these are always ready at the mouth, so people come faster out of church when it is almost empty than when a crowd is at the door.—Dean Swift.

Exemplified.

Georgie—Auntie, what does irony mean? Auntie—It means to say one thing and mean the opposite, like calling a rainy day a fine day. Georgie—I think I understand you, auntie. Wouldn't this be irony: "Auntie, I don't want a nice big piece of cake?"

Odd Change.

"Grabbit has given up bank clerking to take a position as a conductor on the electric cars."

"But that's an odd change."

"Odd change? Sure! That's what induced him."—Bohemian.

Let every bird sing its own note.—Danish Proverb.

A Ring's Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal overcomes indigestion, dyspepsia and other stomach ills. Two days' trial free. Ask our dealer. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Gentleman's smoke, "Druggist" 5c.

Subscribe for the MINER.

A 25c. Bottle of

Kemp's Balsam

Contains

40 DOSES,

And each dose is more effective than four times the same quantity of any other cough remedy, however well advertised and however strongly recommended that remedy may be.

Remember always that KEMP'S BALSAM is the

Best Cough Cure.

It has saved thousands from consumption.

It has saved thousands of lives.

At all druggists', 25c., 50c. and $1.

Don't accept anything else.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's Confectionery is popular because it is THE BEST

Always Fresh and Delicious. All varieties for all occasions.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

Terms—$1.50 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum; payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 9, 1908.

Announcements.

THE MINER is authorized to announce the name of Frank R. Foster of Smethport as a candidate for Clerk of the Courts of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, to be held in April next.

Smethport, Pa., Dec. 30, 1907.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for County Commissioner at the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

JOHN A. PETERSON,

Bradford, Jan. 3, 1908.

EDITOR MINER:—You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for County Commissioner subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, to be held April 11, 1908.

P. D. HOPKINS.

Kane, Jan. 3, 1908.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

OSCAR ENGSTROM.

Smethport, Jan. 7, 1908.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic primaries.

W. L. OVIATT.

East Smethport, Pa., Jan. 6, 1908.

EDITOR MINER:—You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

C. W. FREEMAN.

Smethport, Jan. [illegible]

JOHN A. PETERSON of Bradford announces himself this week as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner. Mr. Peterson is a staunch Republican who is at present serving his second term as a member of the board of Commissioners. During his term of service he has faithfully attended to the duties of that office, and that he is popular with the voters in general is evidenced by the fact that he has twice been elected to the exacting position for which he again aspires. Mr. Peterson is a Swedish-American, a genial and companionable man, who has many friends that be pleased to give him their hearty support.

In the announcements heading these columns will be found that of P. D. Hopkins of Kane, who notifies the public that he is a candidate for the office of County Commissioner subject to the decision of the voters at the Republican primaries. Mr. Hopkins is widely known throughout the county. Prior to locating in Kane he was for a number of years a resident of Smethport. During his entire career he has enjoyed a reputation for sound common sense and integrity in business dealings. He is a man of conservative ideas and good judgment and from every indication would make an excellent County Commissioner should the voters honor him as one of their choices.

W. L. OVIATT of Keating township announces his candidacy for the office of county commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic primaries to be held April 11, next. Mr. Oviatt was born in Keating township about 50 years ago and has always been a resident of that township and held various offices of trust during his life. He is the minority member of the present board of county auditors and is careful and painstaking in the discharge of his duties. He is a life-long Democrat, has always upheld the principles of his party, is perfectly competent to perform the duties of a county commissioner and if his party sees fit to nominate and elect him we are sure all will be well satisfied with the choice.

OSCAR ENGSTROM of Smethport is a candidate for the office of County Commissioner as will be seen by referring to his announcement in this week's issue of the MINER. He is a Republican who has long enjoyed the respect and confidence of many voters of that party. He is a member of the board of County Auditors and an R. F. D. mail carrier, and has shown the highest degree of faithfulness and honesty in the discharge of the duties of these positions. Mr. Engstrom was named as the unanimous choice of the Swedish-American Republican League of McKean county for the office of County Commissioner at a recent meeting of that organization, over seven hundred voters being represented. His popularity does not end here as he is recognized among all classes of voters as a man singularly well fitted to fill the office of County Commissioner.

THE Model Liquor License League of Kentucky is making an attempt to get a foothold in Pennsylvania and have the next Legislature put through a bill embracing its ideas. The league is sending out literature to the newspapers throughout the State which point out the advantages of such a license law, and T. M. Gilmore, president of the league, is in Pittsburg this week for the purpose of conferring with wholesalers and retailers in the hope of interesting them in this legislation. The proposed law provides that all outstanding licenses are to continue in force until canceled by a majority of the votes. The licenses may be transferred or left as a part of an estate. They are to be issued one for each 500 population, and the fee should not be excessive. For the first violation of the law the penalty is a suspension of the license for 30 days. A second conviction would result in an immediate cancellation and the holder deprived for all time from receiving a license. Minors, over 18 years of age, are to be punished for representing themselves to be of age in order to purchase liquors.

THE editor of the Democrat in his last issue admits that he can find no pleasure in carrying on the argument with the MINER and is willing to quit. This is indeed a surprise after he had promised his readers so many startling disclosures a little later on. He, of course, says it is because we have backed down, have not stuck to the text and have failed to make good. Two weeks ago we "categorically" answered his labor questions; while last week he dropped that subject and also failed to either affirm or deny the explicit statements we made relative to a certain political deal of his, and contents himself with merely branding us as an "unconscienceless" (whatever that is) liar on general principles. He has dropped every question that has been opened in the controversy, except as to how the Swedish-Americans voted for county treasurer and has never advanced any better proof than "because I said so" that he is right in his contention, while the MINER can back up its denial with the words of numerous Swedish-Americans in this vicinity who are naturally in a better position to know how they voted. The Democrat says "we know whereof we spoke" about these votes, in face of the fact that no man, under our present ballot system, can positively know how another votes, without a flagrant violation of the laws, and we do not think he would be guilty of such a crime. Yet he claims we have been unable to back up our statements with facts and have been carrying on the argument "with miserable success." He has been yelping at our heels with claims that we were "catapulted" into the editorial chair, that the MINER is the mouthorgan of the ring, and merely a figurehead, intermingled with various personal remarks which had nothing to do with the subjects, and still he accuses us of not sticking to the text. Right here we wish to state that the MINER is not now and never has been while the present editor has been in charge, under the control of any gang of politicians, separately or collectively, and its policies or editorials have never been inspired by any such machine or ring. For nearly eight years the present editor has been, as appears at the head of its columns, the editor and proprietor, without any "& Co." attached, and we are willing to compare notes with the editor of the Democrat relative to the "catapulting" process. However, if Mr. Lindsley has had enough of the argument, we are satisfied to drop it here and now, and let our readers be the judges of who has "stuck to the text," and who has made a "miserable success" of this little controversy.

For Sale.

The house and lot at the corner of Green and Union streets. Apply to F. A. Molloy. 40-tf

CUSTOMERS

Naturally the first customers of a Bank will be its directors and stockholders; when those are interested in and who know the organization have shown their confidence by intrusting their business to it there will be little difficulty in gaining the confidence of the public. But confidence is the first requisite. It is reasonable to expect every stockholder of a Bank to keep in close touch with it and to become a depositor. Theoretically, also, it is reasonable to expect each stockholder and depositor to influence their friends to become customers.

Grange National Bank of McKean County.

Report of the Condition

—OF—

THE HAMLIN BANK & TRUST COMPANY, OF SMETHPORT, PA., NO. 100 MAIN STREET, OF MCKEAN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, DEC. 16, 1907.

RESOURCES.

Cash on hand		$ 37490 16
Checks and other cash items		2100 03
Due from Banks and Bankers		105048 02
Commercial and other paper purchased		205313 54
Time Loans upon Collateral		226081 02
Loans upon Bonds and Mortgage		119262 08
Investment securities owned, viz:		
Stocks, Bonds, etc.,	[illegible]	
Mortgages & Judgments	[illegible]	[illegible] 11
Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures,		19551 34
Overdrafts,		100 00
		$877311 00

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in		$50000 00
Surplus Fund		60000 00
Undivided Profits, less expenses and taxes paid		43034.21
Deposits, subject to check	$271280 02	
Deposits, special	282300 10	553408.12
Treasurers and certified checks outstanding		50749 57
		$877311 00

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, }
COUNTY OF MCKEAN, } ss:

I, Ralph E. Burdick, Treasurer of the above named Company, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

(Signed,) RALPH E. BURDICK,
Treasurer.

Subscribed and sworn before me this 15th day of December, 1907.

(Signed,) HALLIE WALKER,
Notarial Seal. Notary Public.
My commission expires Jan. 28, 1911.

Correct—Attest:
(Signed,) HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
FRED D. GALLUP,
Directors.

51-tf

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits,	$203,000.00
Resouses about	$900,000.00

This Bank

Conducts a General Banking business.

Pays interest on time deposits.

Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.

Issues drafts payable at all parts of the world.

Solicits your business: no account too small, no transaction too large.

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST

PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY

THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photography line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.

Curt Witherow

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY

A beautiful

ROOSEVELT

—1908—

CALENDAR

Sent for only 8c to cover actual postage.

A beautiful work of art in colors, large size 16x24

The calendar is absolutely free

WAVERLY OIL WORKS

Independent Refiners.

OIL FOR ALL PURPOSES

Pittsburg, Penn.

BOOKLET SENT FREE

Big Reductions in

Coats and Millinery.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman, Smethport.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills

FOR BACKACHE

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee.

"Specially Blended
Naturally Splendid"

If your have never tried it ask for a Sample Can.

Excellent Values at
20, 22, 25 & 35c per lb.

J. Colegrove, Grocer,

Smethport. Pa.

What do You Know About Mica Canopies

Let me tell you something about them

They will fit any Globe, cost only 10 cents each, save driving nails and hooks in your ceilings to hang Smoke Bells, and will never wear out.

Every one that sees them uses them

LOOK IN MY WINDOW

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK SMETHPORT

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. - Smethport

Administrator's Notice.

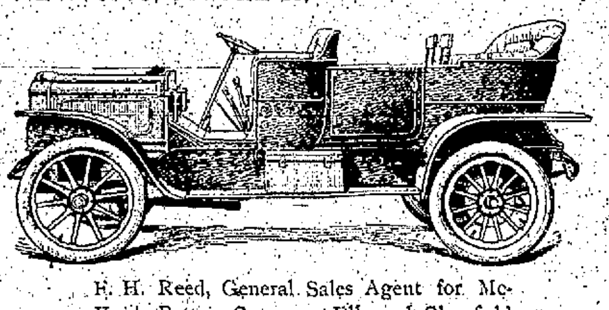
In the matter of the estate of C. M. Applebee, deceased.

Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of C. M. Applebee, late of Coleville, McKean County, Pennsylvania, deceased, to the undersigned. All persons indebted to the said estate are hereby notified and requested to make payment of said indebtedness and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate are hereby notified to make proof of the same and present without delay to.

T. R. MOORE, Administrator.

Coleville, Pa., R. F. D. 1. December 19, 1907

NEW 1908, MODEL K, WHITE STEAM CAR



F. H. Reed, General Sales Agent for McKean, Potter, Cameron, Elk and Clearfield counties, on and after January 1st, 1908, will have a first-class repair shop well equipped for all kinds of general repair work, and maintainence of Steam and other Cars. Expert workmen from factory. Your correspondence solicited.

F. H. REED, - - Clermont, Pa.

Mufflers	New Ties

Our wish to all is

A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

Brown Derbies	Rain Coats

The Brownell Store

ANDREWS & SCULL, PROPRIETORS

Sole Agents for the Famous

Bartlett & Bowers' Blue Ribbon Coffee.

Every pound guaranteed to give satisfaction. Call and see us.

Andrews & Scull.

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family recipes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Emperor and Puritan
Palmer House, 30c
35c

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c

Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents

We Can Please You. Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

McCoy's Drug Store

IF IT'S

Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery, Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for We can supply you.

McCoy's Drug Store

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St **W. H. Hungerford,** SMETHPORT

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

THE LINDHOLM CO.

WE WISH YOU ALL

A Happy New Year

THE LINDHOLM COMPANY

BLANKETS WHIPS

We carry a full line of

HORSE BLANKETS

for both

Stable and Street Wear.

Prices from $1.25 to $5.00.

Rawhide whips with vulcanized coverings.

Will always keep their shape.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan 9, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Fry & Comes have a change of advertisement to-day.

—The Country Cousins Club met at the home of Mrs. L. D. Gifford of Mill street yesterday afternoon.

—The professional card of V. R. Bouton, attorney at law, will be found in the proper place in this issue.

—Mrs. A. W. Colegrove, who has been seriously ill with pneumonia, was reported as slightly better last night.

—Byron Badger of East street has been confined to the house during the week with a severe attack of the grip.

—Dr. F. C. Pierce, the well known dentist, has a change of advertisement to-day to which your attention is directed.

—Mrs. Scott Walker entertained the whist club at the Wright House yesterday afternoon. Luncheon was served at 4 o'clock.

—John McCarty of East Main street is reported critically ill with typhoid fever. George, a son of Mr. McCarty, is also suffering from the malady.

—An advertisement concerning "The Dutchman's Honeymoon," which is the attraction at the Lyceum to-morrow night will be found in another column.

—A number of the young people enjoyed a dancing party at the hose house Monday night. Refreshments were served and a general good time was the result.

—E. O. Cheeney of Farmers Valley secured an order for the bounty on four weasel skins from Justice Knapp Monday. The chickens down that way roost easier as a consequence.

—Mrs. William Hammar of Lynch Station, Va., is suffering from an attack of typhoid fever, consequently was unable to attend the funeral of her grandmother, Mrs. Harriet Hamlin of Smethport.

—As will be seen by an advertisement in another column Dante Iacobucci has opened a tailoring establishment in the McNulty building on East Main street and is ready to make, repair and clean clothing.

—H. L. Foster, a traveling salesman for a Buffalo dry goods house, slipped on an icy sidewalk in Corry, Monday night, while on his way to return a shot gun he had borrowed. The gun was discharged and injured Mr. Foster's left arm so badly that it had to be amputated at the elbow.

—James Branston of Bolivar, aged 15 years, died Monday from injuries received Friday while at play in a barn. He fell, injuring his abdomen, and peritonitis developed causing his death.

—The well near Westline recently drilled in for Mrs. Mary A. Backus of this place was tested and measured recently and shows a production of a good volume of gas. Three more wells will in all probability be drilled in that vicinity by Mrs. Backus, and should they compare favorably with the first one a valuable piece of property will have been developed.

—The outlook for a successful run at the Smethport Window Glass factory is brighter at present than at any time for the past several months. The blowers and gatherers are working full time and all the flattening ovens are in operation. Four cutters are working at present with prospects good for early additions to that number. Matters in the window glass business seem to be gradually assuming a more favorable aspect.

—The Backus Novelty company received an order yesterday for 4,800 hat and coat hooks from the manager of theatrical check rooms in New York city. The hooks have been installed in some of the municipal buildings in Chicago and the court house at Allegheny, Pa., was recently equipped with this system. If present indications go for anything, within five years the Backus Novelty works will be one of the most extensive manufacturing plants in the county.

—A Washington dispatch in this morning's Era says: Former Representative Joseph C. Sibley gave a dinner last evening in honor of Postmaster General Meyer at the New Willard Hotel. Among the speakers were the Postmaster General, Senator Penrose, Senator Simmons of North Carolina, Senator Dolliver and Representative Overstreet. Great enthusiasm greeted the announcement of Senator Penrose that Mr. Sibley would return to Congress in the near future and the guests all welcomed the statement.

—It is with regret that the MINER announces that reports from the bedside of Hon. T. F. Richmond this morning tell of no change for the better. The deepest anxiety prevails among the people of the county in general over the condition of this popular man, and all are devoutly hoping for the best. Dr. Delancy Rochester, a celebrated physician of Buffalo was in consultation with the attending physician, Dr. Brown of Smethport, the first part of the week. Every possibly effort known to medical science is being used, and the patient's remarkably strong constitution is admirably shown in this long battle for life.

—Collosa, the Italian, who last week confessed at Brookville to a murder committed in Florida a number of years ago, has apparently changed his mind about the matter, as a report says: Deputy Sheriff R. F. Sabate of St. Johns county, Florida, arrived in Brookville Saturday morning to identify Gabriel Gollosa as the man who murdered Joseph L. Lambias, a well known politician and member of the Florida legislature in St. Augustine in 1892. The deputy is well acquainted with the murderer, and the instant he saw Collosa he said: "That is the man." Although the prisoner denied any knowledge of the crime it was evident that he knew the officer. Sheriff C. N. Perry of St. Johns county, Florida, is now in Harrisburg arranging for extradition papers.

—A new time table went into effect on the Shawmut railroad Monday. The morning train from Mt. Jewett now arrives at 9:09, and connects at Larabee with the Buffalo train on the Pennsylvania. The evening train for Mt. Jewett arrives in Smethport at 7:14, connecting at Larabee with the night Pennsylvania train from Buffalo. This train also connects at Kasson with the local for St. Marys. There is a persistent rumor afloat to the effect that the Shawmut will within a few weeks adopt a new time table at which time the road between Hazelhurst and Mt. Jewett will be abandoned. The Pennsylvania has discontinued its local passenger trains between Clermont and Larabee, and now only two passenger trains are run over "the branch" a day: South bound arriving here about 10 a. m. and north bound at about 4 p. m.

"Miss Petticoats."

The play, "Miss Petticoats," presented at the opera house last evening was greatly enjoyed, especially by those who have read the book, the company doing remarkably well in rendering the characters as portrayed by the author. Agatha Renier, whose nick name is "Miss Petticoats," appears first in lowly circumstances, living in an old ship, her only companions her grandfather and some old sailors. The later acts reveal her in her brilliant evolution from this quaint home through the wiles of adventurers and the vicissitudes of the smart set to her final graduation into the aristocratic circles where she dominates over her enemies in an exciting deal in stocks.

Miss Florine Fair played the part of "Miss Petticoats," and she gave a lithesome, sweet interpretation to the earlier scenes, and the more strong climaxes of the latter acts she proved herself an actress of force and dramatic intenseness. The denouement and the exultation that take place in the last act was fine acting, and indeed it may be said of all the company that they took their roles well.—Hudson, N. Y., Evening Register, Nov. 20, '07. At the Lyceum, Friday evening, Jan. 17.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Jan. 4, 1908:

Di Aldimino Gentino, Cierjo Ignazuleo, Mrs. Rachel Morold.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

If a cough once gets into your system it acts on every muscle and fibre of the body and makes you ache all over. It especially affects the intestines and makes you constipated, so in order to get rid of a cold thoroughly and without delay you should not take anything that will tend to constipate. Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup acts upon the bowels and thereby drives the cold out of the system. It contains no opiates—it is pleasant to take and is highly recommended for children. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Notice of Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Hamlin Bank & Trust Co. for the election of directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting, will be held at the office of the company, 100 Main Street, Smethport, Pa., on Tuesday, the 14th day of January, 1908, at 2 o'clock p. m.

R. E. BURDICK, Sec'y.
Smethport, Pa., Dec. 26 1908.

"I trust this may be read by many sufferers from kidney and bladder trouble" writes Mrs. Joe King of Woodland, Tex. "I suffered four years and could find nothing to give even temporary relief. Our druggists at last induced me to try your 30 days' treatment of Pineules for $1. This one bottle has cured me and money could not buy the value it has been to me." Guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Notice to Team Owners.

Teams wanted to haul wood by the day or cord. Steady from now until spring. Good contracts given to responsible parties.

B. F. HAZELTON Co.

For particulars write or call on H. E. LINDQUIST, Hazelhurst, Pa.

Call at Carrie Reilly Clark's millinery store and see the great assortment of elegant and artistic hats which she is showing for the fall and winter season. The establishment is up-to-the-instant in styles. Call and be suited. 45tf

Pinesalve Carbolized acts like a poultice, draws out inflammation and poison. Antiseptic, healing. For chapped hands, lips, cuts, burns. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve penetrates the pores—thoroughly cleanses—and is healing and soothing. Good for piles. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

To Rent.

Modern house, with hot and cold water and bath, $9 per month. Inquire of J. C. Gallup, postmaster. tf.

I have some sidewalk lumber, also some 3x12 and 2x12 18 and 20 feet long for sale cheap. James Quirk.

Personal Mention.

Will Blake of Eldred passed Sunday in town.

D. M. Brasted was a Bradford visitor Monday.

Dr. John Clark was a Bradford visitor Monday.

Mrs. George Barber of Crosby was in town yesterday.

Mrs. Kate Christley visited her home in Colegrove Tuesday.

W. A. Andorfer was in Kane Monday on a business mission.

County Superintendent B. S. Bayle visited Eldred yesterday.

Merl Backus returned Saturday from a two weeks' visit in Olean.

Commissioner John P. Devlin was in Bradford Monday on a business trip.

Horace King has returned to Dickenson college where he is a law student.

Fred J. Masser made a visit with Cuba, N. Y., relatives during the week.

Kenneth Mayo has returned to Carlisle to resume his studies at Dickenson college.

Miss Mabel Scott of Port Allegany was a guest of Miss Alice Conley over Sunday.

Miss Edna Thomas and Miss Blanche Chilcote were greeting Newerf friends last week.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Gillette and son, Redfield, of Newark, Ohio, are in town this week.

Frank Carrolson of Smethport was a visitor in Coudersport Saturday, says the Enterprise.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Redfield of Dobbs Ferry, N. Y. were guests of relatives in town this week.

Miss Alice Daly departed Monday to resume her studies at the Villa Marie academy in Erie.

Mrs. Margaret Joiner and two daughters of Chipmonk are visiting A. W. Colegrove and family.

Miss Emma Sawyer of Newark, Ohio, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Sawyer of this place.

Miss Helen Mitchell of Kane, a professional nurse, is engaged at her duties with a Smethport patient.

Mrs. Robert Blake of Bradford is in town. She is a professional nurse and is helping care for a patient.

Bevier Eckiert has returned to Philadelphia to resume his studies at the University of Pennsylvania.

Mrs. H. H. Redfield and Mrs. E. A. Stuilholme were guests of Mrs. W. E. Van Dyke of Kane Saturday last.

Arthur Harriman of Galeton arrived in town to-day, called here by the death of his grandmother, Mrs. Ruth Prosser.

Charles McCoy of Columbia county, N. Y. was in town during the week a guest of his parents, Dr. and Mrs. H. L. McCoy.

Enos Southwick was in town during the week calling on relatives and friends. Mr. Southwick is now located at Charleston, Pa.

Mrs. C. O'Brien of Ambridge, Pa. who has been a guest of her sister, Mrs. Allen Park, for several days, departed for her home Monday.

Misses Myrtie and Vera Thomas arrived home from Waterford last Friday where they have been the guest of their sister, Mrs. M. H. Williams.

Mrs. McCann and Mrs. Mickel, of Marion, Indiana, who have been visiting their sister, Mrs. E. J. Klingensmith have returned to their home.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Newman and infant son of Syracuse, N. Y. were in town during the week guests of Mrs. Newman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Forrest.

Felix Southwick and Don Bell have returned to Chamberlain Institute at Randolph, N. Y. Last Thursday evening Don gave a farewell party to a number of his young friends.

Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Weaver and Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Choate were among the Smethport people who witnessed the performance of "The Squaw Man at the Bradford theatre last night.

A. M. Marsh of Bradford township was in town Monday looking over the ground preparatory to announcing himself as a candidate for county commissioner. Mr. Marsh has many friends in Smethport and was kept busy greeting them.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

Don't You?

What do you want for for your money when you buy clothes? We think we know. You want style, good fabric, lasting workmanship and—pay no more than elsewhere. DON'T YOU?

Then you want

Pelham Clothing

Value against value, this is the best Clothing made.

Suits or Overcoats,

$7.50 to $22.50

WM. MONHEIMER.

Home Journal Patterns Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES.

The January Clearance

SALE!

It's in full swing now with cut prices in all departments--We are finishing up the Winter stocks in preparation for the Spring goods, which will begin to arrive within the next thirty days.

The present stock of Laces and Embroideries is also included in the sale at prices which will provide you trimmings for your Spring white sewing at much less than you will be able to get them for a month later from the new line--Patterns all choice, too.

This is the way prices are cut--

WAISTS Reduced 1-4
Silk and Net.
Regular prices $2.25 to $5.75.
January Sale $1.69 to $4.31.

FURS 1-2 price
Special lot of Oppossum, Fox and Bear Scarfs and Muffs at half price.
All others reduced ¼.
Regular prices $2.25 to $21.00.
January Sale $1.13 to $14.00.

TAMOSHANTERS, Reduced 1-4
Regular prices 28c to $1.00.
January Sale 21c to 75c.

Ladies' Wool Underwear
Reduced 1-4
Union Suits and Separate Garments. Natural Grey and White.
Regular prices $1.00 to $2.75.
January Sale 75c to $2.07.

Monarch Shirts Reduced 1-4
Your pick of any Negligee shirt in the store.
Regular prices $1.00 to $2.00.
January Sale 75c to $1.50.

SKIRTS Reduced 1-3
Black and Colors.
Regular prices $4.00 to $16.50.
January Sale $2.67 to $11.00.

FEATHER BOAS, Reduced 1-3
Black, White and Colors.
Regular prices, $2.00 to $9.75.
January Sale $1.34 to $6.50.

Outing Flannel Gowns
Reduced 1-4
Regular prices 50c to $1.00.
January Sale 38c to 75c.

Flannelettes Reduced 1-4
Regular price 15c per yd.
January Sale 11c per yd.

Dress Goods Reduced 1-4
The complete stock of Blacks and Colors.
Regular prices 25c to $2.00.
January Sale 19c to $1.50.

Men's Wool Underwear
Reduced 1-4
Union Suits and Separate Garments.
Regular prices $1.00 to $3.75.
January Sale 75c to $2.81.

FRY & COMES

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

RETIRED BUSINESS MAN FAVORS NEW THEORY

E. H. Lambert, of Everett, Massachusetts, Believes Stomach the Seat of Life.

One of the most interesting statements made recently concerning the much discussed Cooper theory, that has spread over the country during the past year, is made by E. H. Lambert, a retired business man, whose home is at 115 Francis Street, Everett, Mass.

Mr. Lambert has this to say in connection with Cooper and his medicines: "Some time ago I read an article about this man Cooper, in which he claimed that stomach trouble was directly responsible for most ill health. He went on to say that, although his medicine did nothing but get the stomach in sound condition, it would, in many cases, remove kidney and liver trouble and various other ailments. He argued from this that the stomach was the main cause of sickness, and stated that the success he has had with his medicines was due entirely to this fact.

"I am now fully convinced that this theory is correct, and believe Cooper has a really remarkable medicine, judging from my own experience.

"I have been a sick man for five years. Three years ago I was told by a physician that I had Bright's disease of the kidneys. I have treated constantly for this trouble since, without results. After reading the article I have mentioned, I purchased some of this man Cooper's medicine. I have been astounded by what it has done for me. I was relieved to some extent within 24 hours. Today my health is better than for five years, and so far as I can tell, my kidney trouble has disappeared.

"My wife, who had stomach trouble for some time, tried the preparation after noting its action in my case, and her improvement is fully as marked as mine. She now eats heartily three times a day without any distress whatsoever. Her nervousness has also left her. I certainly believe this man's success is fully justified, as he undoubtedly has a wonderful medicine."

We will gladly describe the remarkable record made by the Cooper medicines to all who wish to know of them.—McCoy's Drug Store.

In the Attic.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

Copyrighted, 1907, by P. C. Eastment.

Miss Cynthia's attic was fragrant with aromatic herbs. Little bags of lavender and of dried rose leaves hung from the rafters and mingled their delicate perfume with the coarser aroma of sage and sweet marjoram and thyme and summer savory.

On autumn afternoons the attic was golden with sunshine, and from the little peaked window one could see the long white road and the blue hills beyond.

It was to this fragrant and gold lighted attic that Miss Cynthia would come when the summer rush was over and in its peace and quiet try to forget that she was worn and tired and worried.

[illegible]

The big machine [illegible] of the road and into Miss Cynthia's own drive [illegible] had to lean far out of the peaked window to see [illegible] apron speaking to the [illegible]

Miss Cynthia could not hear a word, and she almost fell over the sill in the effort to satisfy her curiosity. She saw Martha Ann go in, and presently she felt a pull at the back of her dress.

"Goodness," Martha Ann said crossly, "I called and called, and I couldn't make you hear. That man wants something to eat."

"What?" Miss Cynthia gasped. "But he doesn't look like a tramp, Martha Ann."

"Tramps don't ride in automobiles," Martha Ann sniffed. "He says he's been riding all the morning, and he just couldn't find a place to eat, and he would be glad to pay for a meal. He understood that we took boarders, he said."

"Well, you go down and hurry the soup and make an omelet and some hot biscuits, and I will talk to him, Martha Ann."

"You'd better stop in your room and primp a little," Martha Ann advised. "He's awfully good looking."

"The idea!" said Miss Cynthia, with dignity.

She was a little sorry, however, when she reached the sitting room that she had not taken the girl's advice, for the man that she greeted was big and blond and prosperous looking. It developed that he slurred his grammar, but as he leaned back in the biggest rocking chair and talked in his hearty voice Miss Cynthia decided that he was very attractive.

"I expect you think it's queer my droppin' in on you this way?" he said, as Martha announced lunch. "But I couldn't pass the poppies and the peonies in the yard. My mother used to have an old fashioned garden, and there was something about yours that reminded me of it, and I felt as if you'd give me a home cooked meal. A man gets tired of hotels."

Over the steaming, savory soup he expanded still more.

"This is the kind I like," he said. "With all the vegetables in it and herbs. I'll bet you've got a lot of herbs tied up in your attic. My mother had. She said the attic was the pleasantest place in the house, and I used to think so too."

Miss Cynthia felt that at last she had met an understanding soul.

"Would you like to go up after lunch?" she asked eagerly. "There is a fine view from the little dormer window."

"My, how nice it smells!" said the big man as he seated himself in Miss Cynthia's favorite corner. The black diary lay open by his side. His eyes caught the lines:

Love is of man's life a thing apart;
'Tis woman's whole existence.

"Oh, tommyrot!" he said. "Did you write that?"

"Yes," Miss Cynthia admitted. "Byron said it, you know."

"Well, he didn't know what he was talking about. Why, if I loved a woman I should just [illegible] her all over [illegible] business for me."

"Oh!" Miss Cynthia gasped. "There was something in [illegible]

[illegible]

"Oh," said Miss Cynthia, [illegible]

"Of course you can," said the genial [illegible] with you."

Safe in her own room, Miss Cynthia consulted Martha Ann.

"Would I go with him?" she said. "I don't think it's quite proper, Martha Ann, do you?"

"I wouldn't be in one of them things if you'd give it to me," Martha Ann said, "and he's all right. I saw his name on a bundle of papers he left in the automobile. He's Andrew Briggs, the millionaire that's donated the [illegible]. He is building a church and a library for the town, and I guess he's respectable."

Miss Cynthia dressed in a white [illegible] that little [illegible] was a [illegible]

She came down with four yards of white chiffon [illegible] her hat. [illegible]

"Mr. Briggs [illegible] him [illegible]

[illegible]

Martha looked after them as they whirled down the long white road.

[illegible] "Did you ever see two people [illegible] take to each other like that? I bet it will be a match."

And it was.

Sale Won.

That the average Broadwayite is a [illegible] was well illustrated the other morning. Two men met and one confessed the want of breakfast. The other "made good" the deficiency, and during the meal No. 1 remarked that he had received notice that there was a registered letter in the postoffice for him.

"Nobody would send me money," he added, "so it's a waste of car fare to go after it."

"I'll give you a dollar for a half interest," said No. 2.

"You're on if you pay car fare," was the quick reply.

After breakfast the pair went to the postoffice, got the letter, opened it and found a five dollar bill.

"Anyhow I'm $3.50 ahead," said the owner of the letter as he "split the bill." "That's from a man I never expected to make the loan good."—New York Globe.

Could Not Cure Himself.

Something of the irony of fate is exemplified in an anecdote related by the New York Times concerning Professor Poirier, who until his death was the most famous cancer expert in France.

Professor Poirier gave much of his time without pay to aiding poor people afflicted with cancer. One day there came to him a woman on whom he had operated and who feared the growth was coming again.

"Fear nothing," said the physician when he had made an examination. "It will be some years before you will need a fresh operation—which, by the way, I shall not be able to perform."

"But, doctor, you will not refuse to treat me?"

"No, my poor woman, but I shall not be there to do it. I also have a cancer, and it will be more rapid than yours."

A Counter Charge.

An elegant young man seized a thief on the platform of a train, saying, "Are you not ashamed to follow so disgraceful a profession?"

"And are you not ashamed," demanded the other, "to go so well dressed without a pocketbook about you?"

A CLOCK IN A BOTTLE.

The Way This Marvel of Mechanism Was Constructed.

A German clockmaker living in the little village of Gommer, near Magdeburg, built a clock in a bottle. The maker, H. Rosin, secured a strong movement with a cylinder escapement measuring forty-five millimeters and began by sawing the plate into halves. The opening in the neck of the bottle measures fifteen millimeters, and in order to get these halves into the bottle he cut another segment off each of the halves of the plate. He built a sort of tripod as a resting place for the movement. This tripod was assembled after he had introduced its parts into the bottle separately. The tripod is so constructed that it cannot turn when the movement is being wound. The four pieces of the plate were fastened side by side by means of screws to the platform attached to the tripod, a long screwdriver and other tools especially constructed for the purpose having been used for this operation. When the plate was put together [illegible]

[illegible]

THE HUMAN TONGUE.

[illegible]

[illegible] physician as the tongue of the most talkative person.

It is a wonderful organ and should be studied by all parents not only on their own account but on account of their offspring. It aids in mastication of food, in drinking, in sucking, in articulation, and contains the [illegible] of taste. There are doctors who will spend half an hour feeling of your pulse and listening to your heart beats. There are others who [illegible] "Stick out your tongue!" One glance at your tongue will [illegible] the story.

Tremulousness of the tongue when [illegible] various nervous diseases, but by far the commonest cause of [illegible] is excessive indulgence in alcohol. [illegible] looking into a [illegible] If often fails. [illegible] have watery eyes [illegible] but [illegible] the tongue [illegible]—New York [illegible]

Combs Made of Old Shoes.

A [illegible] lay in the factory [illegible]

"What [illegible] combs [illegible] of them," said the chemist. "Combs that will pass through the perfumed and lustrous locks of the most beautiful girls. Seems strange, doesn't it?"

"Very."

"Yes; it's a fact. That is what becomes of all the world's old shoes. They are turned into combs. The leather is first cut into small pieces and immersed two days in a chloride of sulphur bath; then it is washed, dried and ground to powder; then it is mixed with glue or gum and pressed into comb molds.

"It makes good enough combs, but I prefer the rubber ones myself."—Exchange.

The Overcoat.

Probably in no other department sartorial is there exhibited so much indifference to hygienic considerations as in the overcoat. The greatest fallacy of all perhaps in regard to the choice of an overcoat is that the terms "weight" and "warmth" are synonymous. As a matter of fact, they are nearly always diametrically opposed. Moreover, the heavy overcoat is a tax on the resources of the organism and destroys the economy which a good insulating cloth is intended to secure. —London Lancet.

What a Woman Says.

Singleton—I want to ask you a question, old man. Wedderly—Come on with it. Singleton—Does a woman always mean what she says? Wedderly—During courtship she doesn't, but after marriage you bet she does.—Chicago News.

Sounds Possible, but Not Likely.

"I've thought of a novel effect for my new melodrama."

"What is it?"

"The villain lights a cigar during the snowstorm, thus setting the snowstorm afire."—Washington Herald.

Heavy Work.

Mr. Younghub—Did you bake this bread, darling? Mrs. Younghub—Yes, dear. Mr. Younghub—Well, please don't do anything like that again. You are not strong enough for such heavy work.

Henry and The "Bum B."

By Arthur Heindamour.

Copyrighted, 1907, by E. C. Parcells.

Howard Dighton stopped at the stenographer's desk, and Henry ground his teeth together savagely. He knew very well that he could never hope to marry Phoebe Childers, for she had made this quite clear when, under the first impulse of his boyish love, he had written her a fervid declaration of his intention to marry her when he should have grown up. Thereafter it was a hopeless passion that he nursed, but his grief was not assuaged at the spectacle of Dighton bending over his desk, for the lad shrewdly noticed that she did not draw away from the chief clerk as she did when the junior partner came [illegible] daily as he so [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] said not examine the paper [illegible] Some one in this office [illegible] to the other company [illegible] Then made their bid a few [illegible]

[illegible] The [illegible] paper [illegible] the current of air from the electric fan blew it out of his hands. Henry, who had been gradually edging closer to Miss Childers' desk, sprang to pick it up. He rose to his feet slowly, ignoring Kincaid's impatient gesture.

"This ain't Miss Childers' writing," he declared. "Even a kid could see that."

"You employ a detective upon your staff?" asked Kincaid of Evans, with a sarcastic smile. Henry flushed.

"I'm only a kid," he retorted, "but I got sense. This was written on Mr. Sutton's machine."

Sutton flushed. He had been a clerk for Evans before an unexpected legacy had permitted him to buy into the firm. He still used the typewriter occasionally.

"Don't you see that bum 'B'?" demanded Henry. "That's on Mr. Sutton's machine. The B key fell off about a month ago, and they sent a man over to fix it. He didn't know as much about the job as I do, and he left it crooked. Get Miss Childers to write something on her machine."

The girl grasped the idea and rapidly transcribed a few lines from the paper. Kincaid examined the two and nodded approvingly toward Henry.

"You've been reading dime novels and detective stories to some purpose," he said, "though I'm hanged if I ever saw their use before. Let's see that machine of yours, Sutton."

He led the way into the private office, and Henry followed, unchallenged, though Dighton and Miss Childers remained outside. Sutton uncovered his machine and wrote a few lines. When he arose his face was drawn and white.

"It looks bad for me," he said. "The boy was right about the broken key. The repair man could not adjust it, and as I was in a hurry to use the machine I told him to come again when there was more time. This was a week before the bid was put in."

"You had a copy of the bid," said Kincaid meaningly. Sutton nodded.

"I still have the draft," he admitted; "but I did not make this copy, though it must have been made on my typewriter."

Kincaid's face grew dark.

"I am sorry about this," he said slowly. "I trusted you, though it has been apparent for some time that other firms were getting the best of us on big contracts. I think, Sutton, that the partnership had best be dissolved."

"I admit that appearances are against me," said the junior; "but I did not give out these or any other figures."

"Sure not," put in Henry. Kincaid frowned.

"How dared you follow us in here?" he thundered.

"Thought you wanted me," was the calm response. "Mr. Sutton didn't copy that [illegible] It was a little game with [illegible]

[illegible]

His Salt Water Pond.

[illegible]

Mulford paraded his little estate shrub for the [illegible]

It was a complete course dinner, nothing lacking. The Dublin gentlemen were polite, but they raised their eyebrows over the juxtaposition of trout, shad and oysters. After the meal was over Mulford continued his demonstration. He showed his fresh water fish pond, and then he said:

"Gentlemen, I'll now show you my salt water pond."

He took the party down to the lower portion of his ranch and pointed out San Francisco bay.—San Francisco Call.

At the Matinee.

The orchestra finished with a crash, paused a moment and then, as the lights were darkened, started a sprightly curtain raiser.

There was an increased commotion throughout the house—people hurrying to their seats, taking off wraps, trying to get in a last word before the curtain rose and a flutter of excitement and expectancy which always precedes the raising of the curtain. Above the confusion two voices were audible behind me.

"Now, look at Mrs. DeMar. She always waits until the last minute to take off her hat."

"I have noticed that. Did you ever see any one who liked to show off as much as she does?"

"Yes, and they say her husband is just working himself to death."

"Of course that is always the way. Now, for my part, I don't think it shows good taste to dress that way just for a matinee. A plain tailor made gown with a pretty blouse is a great deal more sensible."

"It surely is. Oh, for pity's sake, there is Mrs. Leland! I wouldn't want to show myself after all the scandal they have had."

"Well, I should say not. But there goes the curtain, and we will have to keep still."

But they didn't.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnemahoning.
State Senator—H. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; H. P. Habgood, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Devlin, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. [illegible], Smethport; W. H. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—[illegible], Smethport.

[illegible]

Pleasant Chapter No. [illegible] O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
Mrs. Maria Carter, W. M.
Mrs. Ella [illegible], Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warriors' degree 2nd Monday; Chiefs' degree 3rd Monday.
N. A. [illegible]

E. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—W. N. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 12 m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday school every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 8 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

First Baptist Church—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

THE MINER and
Tri-Weekly Tribune
One year for
$1.75 IN ADVANCE.

It will be unnecessary for you to go through a painful, expensive operation for Piles if you use ManZan. Put up in collapsible tube with nozzle, ready to apply to the soreness and inflammation. For any form of Piles, price 50, guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Do you have backache occasionally, or "stitches" in the side, and sometimes do you feel all tired out, without ambition and without energy? If so, your kidneys are out of order. Take DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. They promptly relieve backache, weak back, inflammation of the bladder and weak kidneys. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Bees Laxative Cough Syrup for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough grows in favor daily with young and old. Mothers should keep it on hand for children. It is prompt relief to croup. It is gently laxative, driving the poison and phlegm from the system. It is a simple remedy that gives immediate relief, guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

THE
NEW YORK WORLD
THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and it is full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a-Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation where the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the MINER together one year for $1.65

The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

The Luck of Unlucky Peters.

By ALICE LOUISE LEE.

Copyright, 1907, by Alice Louise Lee.

MISS LOVILLA SCANLON sat in the doorway of her nephew's log shack in Wood river canyon humming happily as she made "tattin'." "Abigail and Selina make beautiful battenberg work," she was wont to say cheerily, "but tattin' is the only fancy work I can do, and I'm going to make the best of it."

This was Miss Lovilla's philosophy of life—"to make the best of things," despite the repressive atmosphere enveloping the two younger sisters with whom she had "stayed" during a large portion of her life. She was born and brought up—as far as forty years—in New England, where birth statistics prove that there are not enough men to go around. This fact may have accounted for the "Miss" which lingered before her name, because with her sunny eyes and girlish mouth she was a comely woman, as the men of Camp Kirwin agreed and as twelve sprawling red lines on the logs opposite her place at table indicated.

"Such a boy as that Alfred is!" she thought, half amused and half vexed as her nephew mischievously chalked in line after line, more or less crooked, to represent the characters of her numerous suitors. "There's only one man in camp that'll get a straight mark," Alfred remarked as he drew the twelfth, "and if I have to make one for him," significantly, "I hope it'll be the last."

He referred to the owner of a solitary cabin on Spar just above timber line. Miss Lovilla, pausing now in her tattin' making, raised her eyes to it speculatively. The cabin was evidently deserted. The stovepipe protruding through the roof had emitted no smoke for several days. Miss Lovilla knew, because she had glanced in its direction far oftener than she cared to admit. "I wonder where he is," she thought, scanning the mountain slope behind her. Suddenly she bent again over her work while a faint pink crept into her cheeks.

On the trail across Brown ridge a man, followed by a pack horse. It was Peters the Unlucky, christened Robert some forty odd years before and named Unlucky for various legitimate reasons; he had made more good "finds" than any other man this side the divide and held the fewest. It was he who discovered the rich leads of Dundee, only to have his claims jumped by Dutch Jo. He had staked Sniffle, but failed to work out his assessments owing to the fact there seemed to be no one else to care for Shandy Long when he was stabbed in the saloon on the Meadows.

Alfred expounded the situation concerning Unlucky to his aunt in his usual lucid manner shortly after her arrival. "Unlucky probably won't die overcumbered with gold, but he'll die on the square, you bet!" And his aunt had responded sympathetically: "He's just making the best of things, ain't he?"

Across the pommel of his saddle he bore an immense bouquet of gay mountain flowers which he intended for Miss Lovilla, but which he did not offer directly, for Unlucky numbered self consciousness among his misfortunes. He left his horses on the trail and came to the doorstone, hat in hand. "Good morning, Miss Scanlon," he said, raising his eyes in a quick flash to hers—so quick that he did not see the unusual flush in her cheeks.

"SAY! MARRY MIT ME, HEIN?" HE FINALLY BURST OUT.

"Good morning, Mr. Peters," she returned, conscientiously repressing the cordiality she felt.

Hesitatingly the man sat down and nursed his bouquet on his knee. He wanted to tell Miss Lovilla all about his new claims over on Meadow creek, but what he actually said was, "Fair day today."

Miss Lovilla, longing to hear all that he wished to tell, answered staidly, "Yes, fair, but warmish."

Then a silence fell. Unlucky stared fixedly at the stems he was twisting, but the woman made quick side observation as she plied her shuttle. His was a face that any woman might view with satisfaction, not handsome, but clear cut, with kind, steady eyes and strong white teeth which came together evenly behind straight firm lips.

Presently he glanced up at the mouth of a tunnel on the mountain behind them. "Has Alf struck good ore yet?" he asked.

"He tells me he's taking out pretty fair stone; but, good gracious"—Miss Lovilla laid her shuttle in her lap and spoke with pleasing briskness—"the stuff in it that shines like gold ain't gold at all, just copper, he says, and I don't believe it's worth digging for; but, then, he's making the best of it, I guess."

Unlucky looked at her with a smile to which his face was almost a stranger. Then it died away into an expression of thoughtfulness. "Sometimes, Miss Scanlon, I wonder if this sort of life is best for any of us fellows. There's your nephew." The man hesitated and gazed wistfully across the canyon at his own little shack. "He might better be trailin' a good home somewhere back east—and a wife"—Unlucky came to an abrupt stop and twisted the stems of the flowers, but there was an expression in his eyes that deepened the pink in Miss Lovilla's cheeks and caused her to glance beyond him.

Immediately her attention was arrested by a man's head among the willows across the river. The head wore a brown hat and was moving toward the upper ford. She frowned as she recognized Dutch Jo, who kept a saloon on the Meadows. Unlucky's glance also followed the progress of the brown hat, and when its wearer had forded the stream and turned toward them he arose, quietly laid the flowers on the stone and, with a brief "Good day, Miss Scanlon," departed.

Miss Lovilla glued her eyes on her work, apparently oblivious of the presence of the horseman until he had dismounted some distance away, his broncho refusing to approach so unaccustomed an object as a woman, and greeted her with a "Gut day, Mees Scanlon."

Then she arose and laid her work in her chair. "Good morning, Mr. Sahler. You want to see my nephew, I presume." Her voice savored only of business.

"Nein!" Dutch Jo covered her with a covetous albeit respectful eye and abstractedly fingered the handle of his six shooter, which he could manage with more dexterity than he could the English language. "Say! Marry mit me, hein?" he finally burst out.

Instinctively Miss Lovilla shrank back and glanced at the flowers. "Oh, no," she cried hurriedly. "I couldn't—possibly."

The man wasted no further speech, but, stepping deliberately on the bouquet, ground it beneath his heel, mounted his horse and rode off, leaving an indignant woman nursing the trampled blossoms. The clock striking 11 aroused her to a sense of her household duties, and when her nephew entered the lean-to kitchen she was her busy, serene self again.

"I declare, Aunt Lo," he exclaimed merrily, "you are getting nicer every day. I don't wonder the boys all want to marry you."

A half bashful smile touched his aunt's lips. "Pshaw, Alf. It's because I'm the only woman here. Now, if Abigail and Salina weren't married and were here you'd see"—

Alfred removed the towel from his face and interrupted solemnly. "Aunt Lo, when Gabriel comes down with his trumpet I expect to hear you tell him that if there happens to be a seat left after Abigail and Salina have been ushered to the front pew, why, you'll take it, please, and make the best of it."

"Alf!" Miss Lovilla remonstrated. Nevertheless she looked pleased. Praise had not come her way back in New England.

"And I'm lookin' to Gabe to say," Alfred continued, "that he's reserved a box seat for the best and sweetest and most unselfish little woman on earth. Now, Aunt Lo, don't be shocked, but tell me what poor unfortunate struck the matrimonial trail today. You looked guilty when I came in. Whose horse was it I saw at the door?"

"That—that Dutchman's from the Meadows," returned Miss Lovilla in a tone savoring of the snap of a whip.

Alfred threw his head back and roared. "Dutch Jo!" Still laughing, he entered the living room, raising his voice as he continued: "By Jove! He's the thirteenth too. That's unlucky for himself or some one else. His mark can't be too crooked either, for if there's a man this side of Meeteetse without a conscience"—

The closing kitchen door shut out the rest of the sentence.

Sniffle was throwing a long shadow eastward that afternoon before Miss Lovilla sat again in the doorway with her tattin' and greeted the stray prospectors as they struck the trail across Brown. It was Kilbraid of Meeteetse that finally brought a look of alarm to her eyes and sent her gaze searchingly down the canyon.

"Dutch Jo come up behind me fightin' drunk," said Kilbraid, laughing, "swearin' like a pirate and hittin' out with his quirt at every flower he passed. It's a right good plan to be on Jo's best side such times as this."

Miss Lovilla glanced behind her at the ominously crooked thirteenth line and shivered when her informant had ridden on. Then she laid her tattin' aside and watched for the appearance of a brown hat on the canyon trail. Simultaneously with its appearance a figure emerged from the shack on the side of Spar and disappeared among the pines beneath the branches of which the trail zigzagged down to Bear creek and met the canyon trail.

"You'll be sorry some day you ever left us for Wyoming," Abigail had remarked with a grim droop at the corners of her mouth as she bade the eldest sister goodby, and the memory of that cheerful parting flashed into Miss Lovilla's mind now as she arose and called, "Alfred, Alfred!" If any harm should come to Unlucky through her, "I shall just have to make the best of it alone," she cried aloud as the only reply to her call was a dull boom of a blast in the tunnel above.

Across the footbridge and through the willows she hurried, her breath coming faster and faster as she began the ascent to Bear creek. Farther up the trail sounded Unlucky's whistle, while down among the willows echoed the sharp click of a horse's hoofs.

"If I'm only in time to warn him!" she whispered, but she was not. Nearer and nearer came the sound of the horse's hoofs. Dutch Jo, fighting drunk, was coming on her. The next turn in the trail would bring him into view.

"NO, I'M NOT HURT."

"I've got to stop him," gasped Miss Lovilla, trembling, but resolute.

Now, whatever Dutch Jo's original expectations had been in coming up to camp armed and whisky brave, he certainly did not expect to be held up by any such nonshootable object as a woman. Neither did his horse, which promptly snorted and backed, skirts having greater terrors for it than spurs.

"Shtand out of the way!" vociferated Dutch Jo, listening to the whistle.

"I shan't do any such a thing!" retorted Miss Lovilla, occupying the middle of the trail and gathering up her apron through force of habit.

Dutch Jo drove the spurs deeper and menaced the opposition with his quirt. "Will you no shtand out of my way, hein?" he urged, his face purpling with anger.

"No, I won't," declared Miss Lovilla. The approaching whistle rendered her desperate. She advanced precipitately into the pony's face, waving her apron frantically. "Shoo!" she cried. "Go back with you!"

That settled the matter. Unceremoniously the broncho showed a pair of iron shod heels to the up trail and departed Meadowward, with the bit in his teeth, leaving Miss Lovilla "all trembly."

"Salina always said I was a bigger baby than either of hers," she quavered and proceeded to demonstrate the fact by plumping herself down on the nearest log and weeping into the ample folds of her apron.

Here an instant later Unlucky stood as helpless before her tears as Dutch Jo had been before her unexpected onslaught. "Miss Scanlon, what's the matter?" he implored.

"I—don't know," came in faltering untruthfulness from behind the apron.

This weeping over, she knew not what was the most bewildering proposition Unlucky had ever met with. "Has anything—have you—hurt yourself?" he asked, bending over and laying a hesitating hand on the apron.

"No, I'm not hurt." Miss Lovilla was glad she was not obliged to lie this time.

Unlucky's hand fell from the apron. "Why," he began perplexedly, "it can't be you are crying just to—to pass away the time."

Then Miss Lovilla's tears gave way suddenly to smiles. She removed the apron and looked up at Unlucky standing straight and tall and honest before her. It was good to see him there. "I'm so glad," she burst out between tears and laughter, "that you are alive."

It was a strange speech. Dutch Jo a mile down the canyon would have understood it, but not Unlucky. To him it meant something which filled him with the joys of a courage he had never expected would be his, and before Miss Lovilla could protest—had she been so inclined—he had taken her comely face between his hands and kissed it.

The sun had set, and Alfred was wondering what had become of his aunt, when she appeared, followed by Unlucky. There was an air about them both which arrested Alfred's attention before Unlucky spoke.

"Alf," he began, "I'm in luck. I've just staked the richest gold find in Wyoming, and no one's goin' to jump my claim either."

Alfred glanced at Miss Lovilla's smiling face, and a pleased grin began at his bearded lips and was lost in his dancing eyes. Without a word he crossed the living room and with one stroke of the red chalk drew the fourteenth and last line long and straight.

THROUGH HOLLAND.

A Day's Travel In the Land of Windmills and Canals.

Here is a pretty description of a day's travel through Holland: "At Amsterdam I left the train and boarded a boat bound for the Helder, the northernmost point of north Holland, where the low lying islands curve round to the horizon, looking as if they had been appointed ocean outposts to Friesland. The voyage might take a day, but what of that? There is only one way to travel in Holland—by water. The boat glides through the brimming canal and passes the clean towns and the many windmills. Life persists, passengers and cargoes come and go, but you are no longer at war with the world or in trouble with it. You are a spectator, idling through a summer day, wrapped in aloofness, content merely to be moving through the moist and luminous air. When the environs of Amsterdam are left behind and the water side houses give place to the reeds that bend as the backwash overtakes them and the factories fade into vast, bright meadows, the spirit of this land, wrested from the sea, obsesses the traveler. I forgot to count the windmills, was indifferent to the locality of the hut where Peter the Great studied shipbuilding and was content with pretending to choose a habitation from among the dwellings whose gardens are washed by the waters of this great North canal.

"We passed through Alkmaar, on one side Dutch farmhouses, compact, four square, stretching in an endless line along the waterway, on the other side the meadows and beyond them, far away, the sweeping line of the dunes. They rise above the North sea, and on their sandy sides and heights men are forever on the watch against the encroachments of the ocean. They plant the shrub called helm that binds the sand together, making a bulwark against the rage of the waves. 'God gave us the sea, but we made the shore,' says the Dutchman. These flower fruitful and pastoral meadows that outstretched as we glided northward were once submerged in water. The fight against the sea never ceases. As we moved northward, the three great dikes loomed out. I gazed out at these high bulwarks, patrolled and watched by day and by night, and mused on the legend that at Amsterdam there is one master key a turn of which in times of peril from foreign invasion will drown the land again.

"And as I mused there swept past a barge. The great sail was hoisted. The family, a mite of the 50,000 canal population who live out their lives on these floating houses, were gathered round the tiller, where mynheer smoked and steered. The barge is the symbol of this sea conquering people. Below the Helder I landed. Beyond is the fort, with the fringe of islands outposting Friesland, the fishing fleet and the gunboats, and the channel between the mainland and Texel opening to the world. As I crossed the bridge I saw the sight of sights. There was no fuss, no shouting, no spilling of wine at that launch. The barge moved from her cradle, shot downward, took the water in a rush, pretended to capsize and all at once acquiesced. 'She had found her master.'"—Chicago News.

Whistler's Portrait of Irving.

"Why did Whistler paint Henry Irving as Philip?" some one once asked me. How dangerous to ask "why" about any one so freakish as Jimmy Whistler! But I answered then and would answer now that it was because, as Philip, Henry, in his dress without much color (from the common point of view), his long gray legs and his Velasquez-like attitudes, looked like the kind of thing which Whistler loved to paint. Velasquez had painted a real Philip of the same race; Whistler would paint the actor who had created the Philip of the stage.

I have a note from Whistler written to Henry at a later date, I think, which refers to the picture. It is common knowledge that the sitter never cared much about the portrait. Henry had a strange affection for the wrong pictures of himself. He disliked the Bastien-Lepage, the Whistler and the Sargent, which never even saw the light. He adored the weak, pretty-pretty picture by Millais, which, I must admit all the same, held the mirror up to one of the characteristics of Henry's face—its extreme refinement.

The most remarkable men I have known were, without a doubt, Whistler and Oscar Wilde. This does not imply that I liked them better or admired them more than the others, but there was something about both of them more instantaneously individual, audacious and wonderful than it is possible to describe.—Ellen Terry in McClure's.

Vanity Makes Misfits.

A tailor tossed into a corner a suit that had turned out a misfit.

"It is men's vanity that makes ninetenths of the misfits," he growled.

"How so?"

"Why, when a man comes in here to be measured he won't stand in his natural way. He is too vain. We go to take his chest measure, and to have the satisfaction of hearing a big number yelled out he puffs out his chest like a pigeon, and then his coat and waistcoat are too big for him. He does the same with his back, stiffening it if he is humped to a military erectness. The same with his shoulders—if they slope he raises them to his ears, and if they are round he throws them back till the shoulder blades clash together. And if his stomach protrudes he draws it in. Thus our measurements are all wrong, and the suit, thanks to the man's vanity, must go to the misfit dealer."—New York Press.

DANCING MOUNTAINS

Wondrous Mirage That Came With the Break of Day.

A SUNRISE ON THE DESERT.

Strange and Fantastic Scenes on the Arid Wastes of the Colorado—An Aerial Exhibition of Most Bewildering Magnificence and Variety.

Our little party of four, two old hunters and prospectors and two "tenderfeet," was far out on the Colorado desert, near the Mexican boundary line. We had pushed on late into the evening, cooked a hasty supper and, dead tired with our hard day's march, had at once rolled ourselves in our blankets.

I awoke some time later feeling stiff and uncomfortable. I rolled over and took a minute to think out the cause of this, ending by lifting my head and looking about me. The air was perfectly clear, and, though no moon was shining, the night was quite light from the myriad of stars that seemed on the point of bursting out of the sky with the energy of their twinkling. My eyes dropped to the desert's level, and I looked across its flat stretch of sand, thinly planted with stunted cactus, to the jagged range of low mountains that reached along the eastern horizon.

As I looked a light seemed to be growing, but so slowly that I had to compare that part of the horizon with other places to assure myself that it was there. Little by little it grew and diffused itself upward and outward. The silhouette of the mountains became more distinct. The stars on that side of the sky began to lose their brilliancy. A hound, sleeping with his back against that of one of the guides, broke the deathlike silence with a long drawn, muffled whine. One of the horses drew a deep sigh, got to his feet, shook himself and began to munch at a little pile of hay left over from his evening's meal. This little stir of life had to do duty for the universal [illegible] life and movement that mark the break of dawn in habitable parts of the world. Over all this flat waste of sand and desolation brooded the [illegible] of another day. The [illegible] and still while the [illegible] light spread out over the [illegible].

As I watched, the pale tinted glow evenly spread over the eastern sky gradually deepened at the bottom and took on a reddish flush. Suddenly long white beams shot upward, their tips almost directly above, radiating like the ribs of an open fan. These silvery rays shimmered a few moments and then died down as all at once a scintillating point of dazzling light flashed out at their base. Distant hill and nearby cactus leaped out of their semiobscurity and stood up bold and clear as in the garish light of noonday. The point grew until it was the half of a blazing disk, which suddenly melted and ran along the horizon, where it lay, a glowing lake of gold.

Then a curious thing happened to the low range of mountains that lay beneath and extended beyond the lake of gold. They proceeded to conduct themselves in a manner wholly unheard of in such staid and dignified features of the topography. Mountains have long done yeoman service in poetry, song and elsewhere in literature as type of all that is firm seated, lasting and unyielding. These particular mountains, however, set out to make a new reputation for their kind. First, those in the shallower waters of this lake of light detached themselves from their firm set bases and slowly floated upward, while their companions on the dry land at the edge tottered and reeled in an intoxication of amazement at their wonderful performance. The mountains then sank slowly down again upon their bases; then they jumped up and down quickly several times just to make sure that they had mastered this accomplishment, new to the mountain family. After taking thought for a moment our gymnastic mountains proceeded to turn handsprings, alighting sometimes on their heads and standing there in a most marvelous manner, considering how top heavy they must have been with their prodigiously big feet thus up in the air. Their neighbors seemed to regard this exhibition with a spurt of envy which sometimes broke into emulation, but this emulation proceeded no farther than the evolutions of a quadrille, advancing and receding, bowing and scraping, right hand to your partner and all hands round.

Tiring at last of this form of amusement, our surprising mountains now engaged in another—one not less astonishing. They became workers of magic, painters, scene shifters, and I was treated to a most wonderful display of modern cities and mediaeval castles, floating battleships and cathedrals of massive and intricate architecture, scenes of peaceful rural life with sleeping lakelets and feeding herds, Indian tepee villages and streets of Chicago skyscrapers. It was truly an exhibition of most bewildering magnificence and variety, and I know I must have watched it with mouth agape.

But something meanwhile was happening to our lake of fire. It was drying up and all at once condensed into a huge blazing ball, hanging clear of the horizon. Our mountains, whose antics were thus so near to being revealed in the broad light of day, swiftly sought their accustomed places and after a final tremble or two reassumed the severe demeanor, the unmoving attitude and stony stare that their kind always present to the world, except at daybreak on the desert.—Harvey H. Kessler in Los Angeles Times.

MERMAIDS OF LEGEND

Sea Women That Were Vouched For by Ancient Writers.

ORIGIN OF THE DELUSION.

These Traditional Creatures Were Probably Dugongs and Manatees. Seal Maidens of Fable—Mermaids of Fiction and the Seal of Fact.

There is a decided fascination about the mermaids of legend. Considering their traditional form, it does not seem quite certain whether they can be included among the fair "humanities" of old religion, but it would be extremely interesting to see one. In all seriousness the truths and poetry underlying and inherent in the old myths are well worth attention, but apart from these there is something distinctly entertaining in the quasi-historical accounts that we have of mermaids and the heroic attempts at rationalistic explanation. The fancy has taken firmer hold on popular imagination than many of the old legends. Of course they are recognized as nonexistent; but, unlike the majority of mythological beings, they are invested colloquially with a sort of humorous reality.

A "History of the Netherlands" gives a circumstantial account of a great tempest which washed ashore near Haarlem a "sea woman" as she was swimming about. She was captured and cleansed from the "sea moss that had grown about her" and became a humanized creature, except that she was always trying to escape into the water. And it is added, "Many persons worthy of credit have justified in their writings that they had seene her in the said towne of Haarlem." In the sixteenth century off Ceylon some sailors captured "seven mermen and mermaids," several priests and physicians testifying to the fact and the latter leaving it on record that after examination and dissection they found the external and internal structures resembled those of human beings. Hudson, the famous navigator, declared that his ship's company had seen a mermaid, the upper part of her body like a woman, skin very white and long black hair. An old Iceland history tells of one near Greenland, "the neck and head in all respects like a human being." The Norwegian Bishop Pontoppidan, who wrote in the eighteenth century, "records the appearance of a mermaid which was deposed to on oath by the observers." And not to multiply quotations proving the belief even of the learned in the actual existence of the mermaids, Pliny asserts authoritatively that "as for the meremaidens it is no fabulous tale that goeth of them, for looke how painters draw them, so they are indeed."

It seems hard after all these weighty testimonies that we should be assured that the "historical" mermaids were only dugongs or manatees, seals or sea lions, especially as some of these interesting creatures measure some eighteen feet in length and are by no means attractive in appearance. Something in the shape of the head and the breast is relied on by the rationalistic scientists as explaining the delusion, but one is at a loss to understand how this can account for the circumstantial descriptions that have come down to us. Coevals of those old writers have proved to us by their paintings that they held very much the same views as to what constitutes feminine beauty as we have, and we should certainly not discover in the dugong or manatee anything whatever to suggest in the very faintest degree the idea of a pretty woman. Yet there is generally the implication of comeliness in the verbal pictures the old writers give of their mermaids, though Columbus, who reported that he had seen two or three, admitted that he saw no beauty in them. The seal explanation perhaps does the least violence to one's traditional ideas, as, whatever may be thought of its resemblance to a woman, it is in itself graceful and its face and eyes are pleasing.

There is, at any rate, a rather suggestive coincidence in the view that the mermaid of fiction is the seal of fact, for closely allied if not identical with mermaids were the "seal maidens" of a thousand fables. The accepted tradition was that these maidens assumed the form of seals, which they could relinquish at any moment by divesting themselves of the sealskins. Only if while they were disporting themselves in quasi human guise their seal integuments were stolen or hidden they would have to remain as "maidens" and could not resume the form of seals. We know on the authority of many a song and legend that willingly or unwillingly a man has been

"married to a mermaid
At the bottom of the deep blue sea,"

but in the case of the fortunate purloiner of a seal maiden's "troublesome disguise" there was no need for a submarine descent. She could quite comfortably live on land and, indeed, had to unless she found her sealskin again, though always longing, like the mermaid of Haarlem, to become a sea dweller once more. There is therefore unquestionably a certain poetic propriety in the scientific identification of the mermaid with the seal.—London Globe.

Renunciation.

"I have always been a good friend to you, Mrs. Jinx," said Mrs. Lapsing, with blazing eyes, as she rose to go, "but I am a friend no longer. You have talked about my husband. Right here is where our paths divulge. Good afternoon."—Chicago Tribune.

Subscribe for
The MINER
and get all
the News

To stop that pain in the back, that stiffness of the joints and muscles, take Pineules. They are guaranteed. Don't suffer from rheumatism, backache, kidney trouble, when you get 30 days' treatment for $1.00. A single dose at bedtime proves their merit. Get them today. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

DeWITT'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS FOR
BACKACHE
Weak Kidneys, Lame Back
and
Inflammation of the Bladder
A WEEK'S TREATMENT 25c

The Dinwiddies' Wedding Journey.

By FLORENCE E. BROOKS.

Copyrighted, 1907, by E. C. Parcells.

For some time Algernon Dinwiddie had been an enthusiastic member of the Gentlemen's Automobile club therefore his friends were not at all surprised with the announcement that he intended taking his wedding trip in one of these machines. He and his bride were to spend three weeks in this way, going where fancy dictated.

The quiet morning wedding was held at the country home of the bride, and with the exception of the two families and officiating clergymen, no one was present except Ronald Smith, the groom's chum and almost brother, who was equally addicted to the auto though not so expert in its management.

The wedding service was over, and the moment had arrived for the departure of the bridal couple. Every one was out on the driveway to bid them godspeed. The baggage having been sent on ahead, the bride was helped to her seat, and her newly made husband was about to take his place beside her when upon putting his hand into his pocket a blank look overspread his face.

"Well," he exclaimed, "I came uncomfortably near forgetting my pocketbook."

With this he ran into the house, entering the room where he remembered having placed it while he dressed. It was not there, and while he continued the search his bride became restive and began examining the various parts of the auto, when suddenly it started to move.

Ronald Smith sprang up beside her and frantically attempted to stop the machine. Working with it a moment he was horrified to see it shoot off at full speed.

The little bride screamed and wildly clutched the back of her seat.

"Strange I can't stop this thing," ejaculated Smith. "There seems to be something about it new to me."

His repeated efforts were of no avail and they were now out of sight of the house and going as fast as ever.

"Oh, Mr. Smith, can't you stop it?" wailed the poor bride.

"The most I can do is to keep it in the middle of the road, Mrs. Dinwiddie."

"What will Algernon think?"

"That you've gone with another, though not a handsomer man," he said with a laugh.

"I don't think that was a bit nice of you," she pouted.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Dinwiddie."

At the new title she blushed prettily, then said:

"But if you can't stop this horrible machine we shall be killed."

"Oh, no! But sit perfectly still and hold on tightly. There is one comfort, it can't go on forever, like the brook, you know," said Smith consolingly.

They were tearing along like mad. The fence rails at the roadside appeared almost continuous and the trees a confused mass. Smith's hat had blown off. He did not dare to look to the right or to the left, but concentrated all his energies to the task of keeping to the road.

The farmers in the fields which they passed gazed after them with open mouthed amazement.

Just then Smith discovered a coming wagon.

"Turn out! Turn out, for God's sake!" he roared.

Thus admonished the driver of the wagon quickly did as requested. It was a close shave, and the trembling bride drew a long breath of relief when they had safely passed. Then she remembered a long, steep hill ahead.

"We can never go down that hill at this rate of speed," she exclaimed excitedly. "Turn off, Mr. Smith; turn off quickly! Down that road to the left!" pointing.

"Where does it go?"

"Oh, I'm sure I don't know, but anywhere is better than that hill."

Smith, who now felt as if his hair were standing on end, carefully guided the machine into the left hand road. The speed was so great and the turn so sharp they came within an ace of going over. The road they had entered was very narrow indeed, little more than a lane; also it was very rough. The auto went bumpty bump till it seemed every moment would be their last.

Suddenly they both saw the lane end in a large field. Smith shut his lips together firmly when he thought what would have happened had the gate into the field been closed, but he only said:

"We'll run in here and go round in a circle till this infernal thing runs down. Oh, I beg your pardon, Mrs. Dinwiddie!"

"Don't mention it," said she quite calmly.

The field was rather rough, and they both were too intent—he upon trying to guide the auto and she upon keeping her balance—to indulge in extended conversation. However, by the time they had made the circle of the field a dozen times the bride cried:

"Oh, I am getting dizzy!"

"Shut your eyes, but hold on tightly," Smith answered.

"Hi there! What 're you idjits spilin' my clover fer? Stop, I say!" commanded an old farmer from the fence.

The bride was so startled she nearly fell from her seat.

"Haven't time to stop today," roared Smith without turning his head. And he again shot around the circle.

"Ye'll pay for thet clover, all right, my man!" shouted the farmer the next time they came up to him.

Then he sat on the fence and had some encouraging word for them each time they came round.

"This is becoming decidedly monotonous," remarked Smith.

"I find it highly exciting," disagreed the bride.

"That old duffer is adding insult to injury," growled Smith. "I wonder does he think we are circling round this field for pleasure or for the good of our health?"

"I'm devoutly thankful none of our friends can see the edifying spectacle," answered the bride. "But do you think it will ever run down?" meaning the auto.

"It's slowing down a little already, Mrs. Dinwiddie. Be patient."

When at last Algernon Dinwiddie found his pocketbook and came downstairs he was stricken dumb for an instant upon hearing of the strange disappearance of his bride. Then he gasped out:

"Of course they can't stop. Which way did they go?" Then he dashed down the road. He was a good sprinter and thought if his fears should prove correct he would probably come upon the remains of the auto very soon, for he had little faith in the ability of Ronald Smith to guide it.

As he tore along the road, following the track of the machine, he was surprised to see it had turned into such a narrow lane. And when he was about ready to drop from fatigue he saw the field and the auto still ambling round in its circle.

"Thank heaven, she's safe!" Dinwiddie gasped out. Whether he referred to his wife or the auto I leave you to guess.

The old farmer was still perched upon the fence and upon seeing Dinwiddie shifted his quid of tobacco from one cheek to the other and said:

"Ef you're lookin' for them tarnal fools, ye'd better set down 'longside o' me en' wait. I've been here more'n a half hour—seems like—en' thet crazy feller hez been cavoortin' round this here field the hull endurin' time, fer all the world like a colt jest turned out to pasture."

At that moment the bride caught sight of her husband and rising to her feet in the auto stretched out her arms to him.

"Oh, Algernon!" she called, "help me! Stop it!"

"Sit down and hold on, Mamie!" commanded Dinwiddie. "It'll stop soon now. Goin' over such rough ground uses up the power sooner."

"I'm layin' fer that feller," volunteered the farmer. "Them city folks thinks they kin come it over Josiah Hunter. I'll jest show 'em a thing or two."

When the automobile came round again Dinwiddie called out:

"Stick to her, Smith, old boy; she's most played out!"

"Oh, yes, I'll stick to her all right," was Smith's ironical answer. "I just dote on this job."

"It won't go round more than once or twice more," said Dinwiddie, turning to the farmer. And, in fact, the machine stopped before accomplishing that much, stopping at the foot of a little rising ground. Immediately Dinwiddie and the farmer rushed over to it.

While the former assisted the bride to the ground she almost collapsed in his arms.

"Oh, Algernon," she implored, "don't ask me to continue the trip in that horrid thing. I have had the most frightful experience I ever had in my life."

Then Smith explained how it all happened.

"Of course you couldn't stop it," Dinwiddie informed him. "I just had an invention of my own for regulating the speed put on it. It's a good thing, but of course you've got to know how to handle it."

"I should think so," remarked Smith sotto voce.

"Who's ter pay fer thet clover that's spiled?" put in the farmer, who had been walking round the auto, examining it with great disgust.

"I'll fix that all right, old fellow," promised Dinwiddie.

"Oh, Algernon, how you do look!" laughed the bride.

"It appears to me we are three of a kind," he answered.

And indeed they were an interesting trio. Dinwiddie's light trousers were mud bespattered with running through countless puddles. His neck scarf was under one ear, and his collar wilted to but a semblance of its former stiffness. Smith was minus his hat, while that of the bride was on one side of her head. Her hair also was far from being in the perfect order she wore it when starting.

"Well, I'm thankful you got off so easily," remarked Dinwiddie, "and I guess we'll have to telegraph the club for a man to come and take charge of the machine. And, Smith, if you'll attend to it for me Mrs. Dinwiddie and I will resume our journey by rail."

They did so, getting the farmer to take them to the railway station.

Executor's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that Letters Testamentary have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of Elizabeth M. North, late of Ceres Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, deceased, to F. H. Raymond of said Ceres Township, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make payment, and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay.

F. H. RAYMOND, Executor.
Ceres, New York, December 12th, 1907.

A Bald Venus.

The ancient Romans at one time knew a Venus the Bald. The goddess was worshiped by that name in a particular temple after the invasion of the Gauls, the reason assigned for this strange fact in antiquity having been that the brave women of Rome cut off their hair to make bowstrings for the city's defense.—London Chronicle.

Auto Suggestion.

First Nephew—This waiting for dead men's shoes is pretty slow work.

Second Nephew—That's just what I think, so I offered to lend uncle my automobile.—Harper's Weekly.

MODERN SURGERY.

Its Minute and Elaborate System of Sterilization.

The scene at an operating table in one of our hospitals now would make one of the old masters of surgery stare. The operator himself and all his staff are dressed like the old holy priests of Solomon's temple, wearing white caps and gowns, with the nurses standing around like priestesses all in spotless white, while every one about the table has gone through as many ablutions as befits the occasion of a bloody sacrifice under the auspices of the immaculate goddess of cleanliness. A minute and elaborate ritual has been observed of sterilizing everything—towels, threads, needles, forceps, instruments and what not—while the floor itself is made of glass or glazed tiles rather than of wood. The surgeon himself does not venture to cut the victim till he has put on his sterilized gloves, because he cannot possibly clean his fingers enough. Should any onlooker take his hand out of his pocket to reach for the gaping wound he would be ejected instanter for spoiling the whole performance with his defiling touch.

The results of this vigilant war against microbes are simply marvelous, and can be fully appreciated only by those who, like myself, can remember the surgery of former days in hospital wards and on the battlefield.—Everybody's Magazine.

BUTTER BY THE YARD.

The Way It Is Sold, Pure and Sweet, In Cambridge, England.

In Cambridge, England, butter is sold by the yard. For generations it has been the practice of Cambridgeshire dairy folk to roll their butter into lengths, each length measuring a yard and weighing a pound. Deftly wrapped in strips of clean white cloth, the cylindrical rolls are packed in long, narrow baskets made for the purpose and thus conveyed to market. The butter women who, in white linen aprons and sleeves, preside over the stalls in the market have no need of weights or scales for dispensing their wares. Constant practice and experienced eyes enable them with a stroke of the knife to divide a yard of butter into halves or quarters with almost mathematical exactness.

The university people are the chief buyers of this curiously shaped product. In addition to being famed for its purity and sweetness Cambridge "yard butter" is eminently adapted for being served to the students in the daily commons. Cut in conveniently sized pieces and accompanied by a loaf of the best wheat bread, a stated portion is sent round every morning to the rooms of the undergraduates for use at breakfast and tea.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Thought He Knew Him.

A laborer was engaged in the grounds of an asylum and received instructions to pay no attention whatever to the remarks of the patients.

Some little time after he commenced work the governor of the asylum, a well known doctor, looking at the progress of the work, made some suggested alteration. The workman dug steadily on and never lifted his head.

The doctor raised his voice, but the man, without answering, went on digging energetically. The doctor threatened, stormed and finally thundered out:

"Do you know who I am?"

The laborer straightened his back, looked at him a minute and, shaking his head, sorrowfully exclaimed:

"Poor chap. I am sorry for ye!" and went on calmly with his work.—London Express.

A Monster Spring.

No state in the Union has larger or more numerous springs than Florida. Many of them form good sized streams from the start, and some of them are navigable. The largest spring in the state, and one of the largest and probably the best known in the United States, is Silver spring, which is located six miles east of Ocala. This spring forms the source of the Oklawaha river, a tributary of the St. Johns, and steamboats traversing the river enter the spring basin, which has an area of several acres. The water is from twenty-five to thirty feet deep and is wonderfully clear, appearing absolutely devoid of color.—Minneapolis Journal.

Etiquette Not Involved.

Mrs. Hendricks (the landlady)—Can I help you to some more soup, Mr. Dunley?

Mr. Dunley—No, thanks.

Mrs. Hendricks (engagingly)—Don't refuse, Mr. Dunley, because it isn't considered good form to be helped twice to soup. We're not particular people here.

Mr. Dunley—Oh, etiquette has nothing to do with it, madam. It's the soup.—Pearson's Weekly.

Didn't Half Try.

Father—How's this, Harold? I hear you have been as bad as you could be today. What have you got to say for yourself? Small Harold—Please don't believe all you hear, papa. I could have been a whole lot worse.—Chicago News.

The Woman Suicide's Hat.

An interesting contribution to the study of feminine psychology has been made by the Hampstead coroner. "Women always take off their hats before committing suicide," said he.—London Telegraph.

Cunning always has been the offensive and defensive weapon of ignorance. "Match cunning with cunning" only as a last resort.—John A. Howland.

It is very important and in fact it is absolutely necessary to health that we give relief to the stomach promptly at the first signs of trouble—which are belching of gas, nausea, sour stomach, headache, irritability and nervousness. These are warnings that the stomach has been mistreated; it is doing too much work and it is demanding help from you. Take something once in a while; especially after meals; something like Kodol For Dyspepsia Indigestion. It will enable your stomach to do its work properly. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Every body loves our baby, rosy sweet and warm
With kissy places on her neck and dimples on her arms,
Once she was thin and cross, used to cry with pain—
Mother gave her Cascasweet, now she's well again.

When you want the best, get DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve. It is good for little or big cuts, boils or bruises, and is especially recommended for piles. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Closing out sale at store of D. C. Young. Call and look over remaining stock of merchandise, and find many articles which you can use, at cost or even less.

Wanted—A good farmer to work the Larabee farm on shares. Inquire of D. C. Young, Smethport, Pa.

It depends on the pill you take. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the best pills known for constipation and headache. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Photographs on easy payments. Palace Pharmacy. Burg Chadwick, Prop.

Fresh Baltimore oysters at the Model Restaurant.

Get back of a "Druggist" Straight 5.

DR. E. R. BAKER,
DENTIST
OFFICE HOURS:
8:30 a. m. to 12 m.
1:30 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.
OPEN EVENINGS
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

THE LYCEUM
ONE NIGHT ONLY
FRIDAY, JANUARY 10
Frank L. Whittier's
Great Big Laughing Hit of the Season
A Dutchman's Honeymoon
A Musical Melange in 3 Acts
SEE
The Funny Dutchman
The Irish Policeman
The Pretty Girls
The Clever Dancers

"The piece is very laughable and was well handled by the company, which is a good one."—Burlington Free Press.

Prices 25, 35, 50c
Seats on sale at Wells' Pharmacy.

THE LYCEUM
FRIDAY, JANUARY 17, 1907.
A Big Production of Great Dramatic Worth
MISS PETTICOATS
Dramatized from the Popular Book of the Same Name
Will be presented by
A STERLING COMPANY
Giving the BREATH of LIFE and REALITY to all the PATHOS and HUMOR of this MASTERLY PLAY.
DONT MISS
THIS POWERFUL PLAY
THIS GRAND PRODUCTION
THIS CAREFULLY SELECTED CO.
THIS CLEVER MINGLING OF HEART THROBS AND COMEDY HITS
Prices: 25c, 50c, 75c and $1.00.
Seats on Sale at Wells' Drug Store, Monday, January 12th.

BEES LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP
CONFORMS TO NATIONAL PURE FOOD AND DRUGS LAW.
An improvement over many Cough, Lung and Bronchial Remedies, because it rids the system of a cold by acting as a cathartic on the bowels. No opiates. Guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Prepared by PINEULE MEDICINE CO., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

A Word For Nero.

"Nero fiddled while Rome burned!" exclaimed the student.

"Well," replied Mr. Growcher, "that's better than the custom many violinists have of practicing at a time when everything is nice and quiet otherwise."—Washington Star.

Thousands of men and women in all walks of life are suffering from kidney and bladder troubles. Don't neglect your kidneys. Delays are dangerous. DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills afford quick relief for all forms of kidney and bladder trouble. A week's treatment 25c. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve—don't forget the name, and accept no substitute. Get DeWitt's. It's good for piles. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Subscribe for the MINER.

ONLY ONE BOY IN THE FAMILY

The mother gives undivided attention to his wardrobe—can afford to spend the requisite amount of time to carefully select his clothes. To such a mother the viewing of our selections is a pleasure.

BOYS' SUITS, $2.50 to $8.00.
BOYS' OVERCOATS, $2 to $7.

"IKE" SIMONS
BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE
52-54 Main Street.
BRADFORD, PA.

The Equitable Life Society
As the Strongest Financial Institution in the World.

The Pittsburg agency wrote $1,957,000 of new business in November, breaking all records, and $15,000,000 in 1907.

Because of Unquestioned Stability it is the most popular insurance company in the Pennsylvania field.

A policy now will be a safe investment and present for your family.

Send me me your name and address.

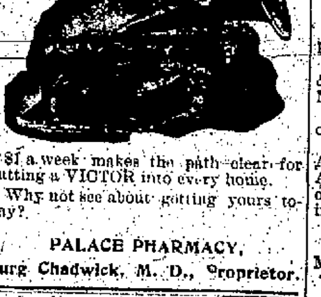
L. FOSDICK,
Frick Bldg. Pittsburg
C. A. BURDICK, Local Agent

A New Millinery Parlor Opened.

Having now opened my Millinery Parlor on Hill street, next to Mr. Green's Grist Mill, with a line of up-to-date Millinery at a very low cost, I wish to close out my winter stock. A nice line of Girls School Hats from 50c up.

I make a specialty of Retrimming and Making Hats to order. Satisfaction guaranteed.

MRS. SPRING,
SMETHPORT, PA.



$1 a week makes the path clear for putting a VICTOR into every home.

Why not see about getting yours today?

PALACE PHARMACY,
Burg Chadwick, M. D., Proprietor.

DANTO IACOBUCCI
Has opened a
TAILOR SHOP
In the McNulty Building on Main street, just below the Wright House, where he is prepared to do Merchant Tailoring and Clean and Press Clothes.
All Work Guaranteed.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Gorton & Richmond,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

F. D. Gallup,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

E. L. Keenan,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office adjoining Residence, Main Street. Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

V. B. BOUTON
ATTY-AT-LAW
Grange Bank Bldg. SMETHPORT, PA.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. Mayo & Son,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, Penn'a.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. M. Sherman,
PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 137 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 404.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell Phone.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

G. E. Henninghoff,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, at Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D. C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,
DENTIST.
Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

DR. F. C. PIERCE
DENTIST
All up-to-date dental work promptly done. Crown and bridge work a specialty. Cleanliness and satisfaction guaranteed.
PRICES RIGHT. OFFICE MAIN ST.
OVER 25 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

C. M. COLEGROVE
COUNTY SURVEYOR
SMETHPORT PENNA
Office at residence, 406 W. King St.

HOTELS.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect.—Rates reasonable.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

C. A. BURDICK.
Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:
The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.
Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.
Also representing the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Fourteen of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.
C. A. BURDICK.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Photo Fancies
For Smart Young Ladies & Gentlemen
THE HIT
OF
THE SEASON.
Something more than a Photograph. We know they will interest you.
CALL and Ask About THEM
"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer
Smethport, Pa.